

CASTLE
of

FRANKENSTEIN

STAR
TREK
Is Back!

(see EDITORIAL)

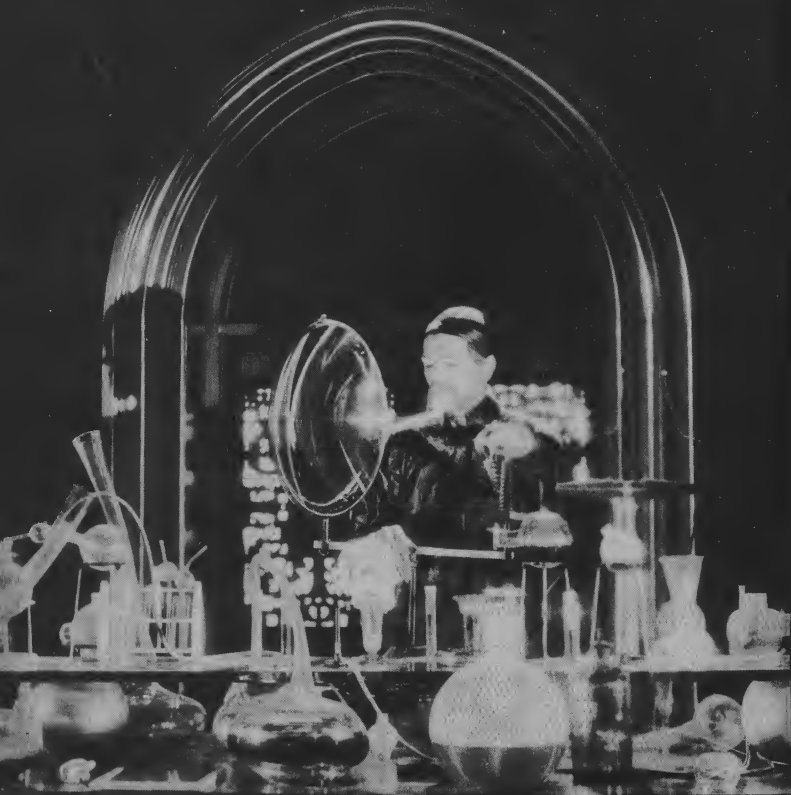






**KING KONG
ESCAPES!**

Never shown before is this exclusive scene of the great Karloff in the title role in **THE MASK OF FU MANCHU** (1932, MGM). Karloff once said that this was one of the most trying roles of his career due to makeup requirements: 6 inch lifts for his shoes, super-long fingernails (making it impossible to scratch himself or lift anything while on the set) and an exaggerated oriental cast for his features without benefit of the plaster-cast head and appurtenances he donned for his Monster's role in **FRANKENSTEIN**.





CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN

CoF "Hotline" Special:
FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED!
Hammer's latest excursion into
the domain of Dr. Frankenstein. 36

PSYCHE IT TO ME: Headitorial

From the Land O' "Hi!" the Head man monitors and
ponders anent: 1- Frankenstein About Town; 2- Comic
Book Whirl; 3- The Underground Press (& its Comic);
4- The SFantaFan World; 5- Miscellany (& etc.etc.)

FANTASY FILM NEWS

Complete beyond belief: Total coverage of the world
of Horror & SFantaFilms

CoF GOES INTO LUNAR ORBIT

O ur man goes to Cape Kennedy—along with
ROCKETSHIP XM, GIRL IN THE MOON and
THE 21st CENTURY

In Memoriam: BORIS KARLOFF

I- A TRIBUTE, from the Publisher
II- "MY LIFE AS A MONSTER" by Boris Karloff

A HISTORY OF HORROR-FANTASY FILMS

Part One of an important study of the SFantaFilm
Screen by Peter John Dyer

The RAY BRADBURY CHRONICLES

PART II and the conclusion of an interview with
The Illustrious Man & Master of SFantasy

CoF SLAYMATE-Of-The-Month

Continuing an investigation of the SFantaFemme
Field Phenomenon & their developments

LIN CARTER Looks At BOOKS

TV OR NOT TV

Run-downs & put-downs Re: charnel chillers, &
maybe a remedy for TV-boob-tubeitis

CoF TV MOVIEGUIDE

Finishing the Gigantic L List That Threatened to
Take Over the World

Front Cover

STAR TREK'S back!! With Messrs. Nimoy, Shatner
& Co. (see PSYCHE IT TO ME for mind-blowing
information & philosophical enlightenment)

BACK COVER

Our Man from CoF took this exclusive shot on
location on Luna—by an odd coincidence, this scene
is also in THE GREEN SLIME (escaping from MGM)

57

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LATEST FILM NEWS



On the set of "The Magic Christian" at Twickenham Studios are, left to right, co-scriptwriter John Cleese, Ringo Starr, and Peter Sellers. This Grand Films production is for Commonwealth United.

FUTURE FANTASY FILMS By Philip B. Moshcovitz

Robert Wise, the creative catalyst behind "The Day The Earth Stood Still," "The Haunting," and "The Sound of Music," will direct and produce more SF fantasy. He is undoubtedly aware that three of the top nine money makers of 1968-69 were ROSEMARY'S BABY, 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, and PLANET OF THE APES. Wise will be in charge of THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN (Universal), based on a novel by Michael Crichton, a Harvard Medical School student. It deals with the consequences of a contaminated unnamed American satellite returning to Earth (the book has been selected as a Book-Of-The-Month Club selection).

Most of the major studios will be represented by at least one outstanding SF fantasia. Columbia is completing MAROONED, starring Gregory Peck, Richard Crenna, David Janssen, James Franciscus, Gene Hackman and Nancy Kovack. Based on Martin Caidin's novel, it traces the exploits of three astronauts marooned in space while returning from a deep galaxy probe. Crenna, Hackman and Franciscus portray the space pioneers—during filming they were limited to only one hour in un-air conditioned "spacesuits." This curfew was mandatorily imposed after Franciscus fainted from near asphyxiation. The suits cost \$22,000 as compared to Uncle Sam's fee of \$30,000 for only one suit.

20th Century-Fox will promote KYLE featuring James Coburn, produced by Arthur P. Jacobs. (Both worked in the FLINT films.) Coburn is a detective in the year 2026 who solves crimes via computers. . . . Warner/7 Arts

will produce CHOICE CUTS by Pierre Bouleau. The story is of a master criminal whose various organs are transplanted upon his death. The receivers form an ace criminal ring. . . . Cinerama, a new distributor, will keep with the transplant trend in CHANGE OF MIND. In this Raymond St. Jacques and Leslie Nielsen are involved in the story of a dying Caucasian whose brain is transferred to a Negro's body. . . . One of George Pal's most promising properties is Lord Dunsany's LAST REVOLUTION (MGM). Scripted by Rod ("Planet of the Apes") Serling, story centers on an inventor who creates a brain that eventually rules the world. Rod ("The Time Machine") Taylor is being sought for the lead.

Other product now being made or forthcoming soon:

THE DAY THE EARTH CRACKED OPEN (Hammer thru Warner/7A). . . . Hammer's FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED with Peter Cushing and Veronica Carlson. . . . A remake of the old "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" is HEAVEN CAN WAIT. "Jordan" originally was made back in '41 starring Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains. Bill Cosby will produce and star in the remake, with Peter Ustinov possibly doing the Rains role.

Also from Hammer: MOON ZERO TWO, which will be orbiting soon. . . . Out very soon Ray Bradbury's story, THE PICASSO SUMMER starring Yul Brynner and Yvette ("Time Machine") Mimieux (Ray also did the script). . . . THX 1138 is an extended version of the prize-winning Geo. Lucas film used as a thesis at the University of Southern California. Educational TV stations have screened this in a program called "The Film Generation". . . . TROG, a Herman Cohen production with Joan Crawford,

has been classed a 2½ million bucks SFanta-horror mystery. Cohen might cameo in this one. . .

WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE WORLD (from Hammer), Aida Young (DRACULA HAS RISEN) producing and Val Guest directing. Jim Danforth ("Outer Limits," "7 Faces of Dr. Lao") will helm the special effects. This information was learned from a fascinating fan-mag, The Marcel Delgado Appreciation Society, devoted to the study of miniatures, animation and related special effects. It's published by Michael Hayes, Rt.2, Box 59, West Point, Ga., 31833. The first issue contained an autobiography of Delgado who was responsible for much of the great work that went into KING KONG. DINOSAURS will exploit Victoria Vetri, the 1968 Playmate of the Year, as Raquel Welch proved too expensive. (Those stories about Raquel's clothing—there's no foundation to them. . . .) THE VALLEY OF GWANGI (originally titled, "The Valley Where Time Stood Still"), with James Franciscus and Gila Golan, is Ray Harryhausen's latest film. Advance reviews haven't been too kind.

Universal: COLOSSUS 1980 with Susan Clark is based on the novel by D.F. Jones. The United States' entire defense system is in the hands of a super-computer, as big as a town, buried somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. A Russian counterpart of COLOSSUS is revealed and the two giant computers develop unexpected abilities and aims. . . . DOPELANGER features the husband-wife team of Roy ("Invaders") Thinnes and Lynn Loring, with Herbert Lom, and Tisha Sterling. Produced by Gerry Anderson ("Thunderbirds" & " Stingray" TV shows), it depicts America's first lunar landing around 1971, with our astronauts discovering that the Russians have arrived first. . . . PETER PAN has been cancelled; Mia Farrow or Audrey Hepburn were originally slated.

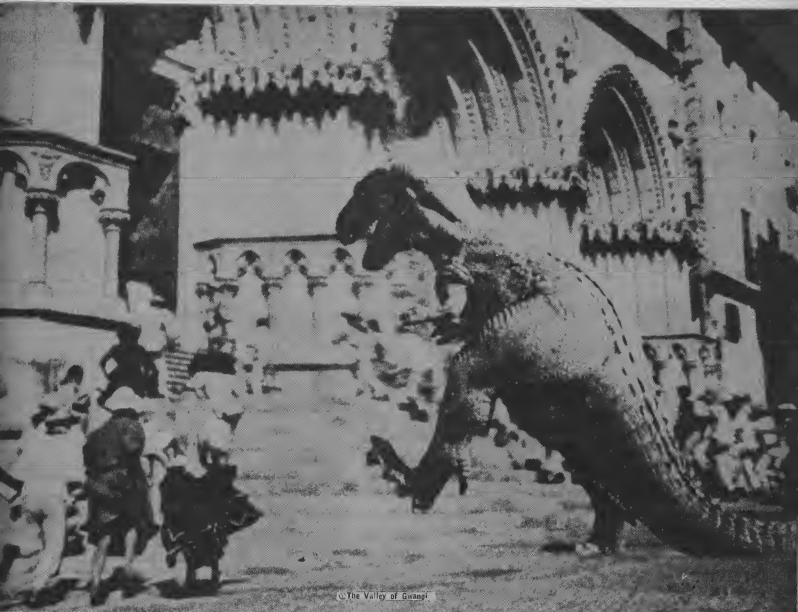
United Artists: BED SITTING ROOM with Rita Tushingham and Peter ("Bedazzled") Cook. Three years after the bomb has ended WW III, twenty people survive unsure of the consequences. . . . MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN (animation).

Paramount: BARBARELLA GOES DOWN (s' help us, that's the "title"), a sequel to the Jane Fonda fiasco.

20th Century-Fox: BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES (orig. titles, "Planet of the Men," "Planet of the Apes Revisited") might avoid the sequel cure. Producer Arthur P. Jacobs, realizing that APES was the second biggest non-roadshow picture in Fox's history, decided to reunite the ingredients that were originally so successful. James Franciscus will be an astronaut who rescues Charlton Heston and greets his simian friends Maurice Evans and Kim Hunter.

Columbia: THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD (Amicus), a short story collection penned by Robert Bloch and directed by Freddie Francis.

MGM: CAPTAIN NEMO and THE FLOWING CITY, based on the Jules Verne novel, with Robert Ryan, Chuck Connors and Honor Blackman—filmed in the Red Sea. . . . THE GREEN SLIME (orig. title, BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS) has Robert Horton. Preposterous promotion includes SLIME seminars for theatre managers beauty contest: plastic



©The Valley of Gwangi

replicas and record of title song, all calculated to bring in the greenbacks. . . . **LOGAN'S RUN** producer Geo. Pal claims Viara Teixeira will be the new Esther Williams (or did he say Ted?). . . . **THE MALTESE BIPPY** (whose former titles were "The Strange Case of @6+7%", and "Who Killed Cock Robin," "The Farquhar Case," "The Incredible Werewolf Murders") boasts those Laugh-In lunatics, Dan Rowan and Dick Martin, plus Robert Reed, Carol Lynley and Julie Newman. Pearl Bailey might join the cast. Story is about a guy in Flushing, L.I. who thinks he's turning into a werewolf. Dick Martin appears in wolfman makeup during a dream sequence (a May issue of Life mag ran it as a cover story with a big inside spread). . . . **PARADISE LOST** will be scripted by John "Evening Primrose" Collier, based on John Milton's epic poem, and will capture the exotic aspects of Hell and the Garden of Eden. . . . **WAR OF THE PLANETS** stars Franco Nero. American Internation: **CRY OF THE BANSHEE**. . . . **DANTE'S INFERNO** was originally a 1935 Twentieth Century-Fox film with Spencer Tracy (see editorial in Ghostly Mail, CoF no. 12 for additional info). . . . **THE DARK** with Frankie Avalon (of "Beach" type movies fame (?)) & Jill Haworth involves a party (but, Fang Ghod, not the beach type) in a haunted house. . . . **DE SADE** with "2001" star Keir Dullea, John Huston, Senta Berger & Lili Palmer in AIP's first reserved seat film. Story deals with sex, sadism, fun & hobbies in the life of the notorious Marquis De Sade (whose ending, historians concur, was very sad. . . . **DUNWICH** is based H.P. Lovecraft's great grim & ghastly shock novel and marks Roger Corman's long

awaited return to the genre. . . . **THE GOLD BUG**: Poe with Price—wot Price gory? . . . **THE GREAT PEACE SCARE** is also under Corman's aegis, starring Peter Fonda. . . . **IMPLOSION** concerns contamination of the nation's water supply, scripted by Richard "I Am Legend" Matheson from the D.F. Jones novel of the same title (as already noted, Jones also has **COLOSSUS** 1980 with Universal). . . . **THE OBLONG BOX** features Vincent Price and Chris Lee in the Poe tale of a hideously disfigured brother returning from the dead seeking vengeance. . . . So far AIP has produced 12 bucks-office Poe yarns. When Price was queried why he stuck with this genre, he whimsically responded, "I can assure you I laugh all the way to the blood bank." . . . **SCREAMER**, also with Price, is based on the Peter Saxton novel, *Scream And Scream Again*. . . . **SPIRITS OF THE DEAD** with Brigitte Bardot, Jane Fonda, Peter Fonda and Mihail Gheorghe Fonda is the long awaited Roger Vadim movie based on several of Poe's tales. . . . **WE OUTNUMBER YOU** is a sequel to **WILD IN THE STREETS**; this time teenyboppers take over (Good grief, Charlie Brown!). . . . The independent productions seem to run in extremes, from cheapies to colossal epics. Here's the run-down: **AURA**, a story of modern witchcraft. . . . **CAN LIFE AS WE KNOW IT EXIST ON THE PLANET EARTH** will be a rock film. **CURSE OF THE GHOU L DEMONS** (Pacemaker)..... **DAY OF THE DOLPHIN** based on Robert Merle's novel, "A Reasoning Beast," is about a pair of dolphins who speak English and create political conflict. Roman Polanski directs (so it should be something worth waiting for!). . . .

DONNER PASS is another Polanski, about Western pioneers forced into cannibalism. . . . **HOUSE OF A THOUSAND DREAMS** is the story of a fantastic house in Paris (not that type of house) where the very wealthy can buy any dream they want. . . . **INVASION** is said to be the costliest Argentine film produced any side of the Pampas—it's about mysterious invaders taking over a city amidst the indifference of the inhabitants. The film may be entered in the Cannes festival. . . . **JOURNEY OF THE OCEANAUTS**, by Louis Wolfe, has been purchased for future production. Set in 1980, it deals with the year-long journey on foot across the Atlantic Ocean floor by three scientists who are completely isolated from their surface colleagues except by radio contact. Sidney Becker-man the producer says it will be the "2001" of the sea and is looking for another Kubrick to direct. **LATITUDE ZERO** is the first Japanese-American co-production filmed entirely in English (What! No dubbing!). Starring Joseph Cotten and Cesar Romero, Eiji Tsuburaya's special effects should put some plasma into this Toho effort. . . . You can read about your favorite Japanese monster film in the **JAPANESE FANTASY FILM JOURNAL**. Number One is devoted to **GODZILLA** and costs 25 cents from Greg Shoemaker, 2345 Georgetown, Toledo, Ohio 43613. . . . **LOVE 2000**, a futuristic love story produced by TV tycoon Chuck Barris (The Dating Game, Newlywed Game, Moron's Game, etc.) — gawd, it just has to be better than his TV shows! And still more: **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND** from Italy. . . .

SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE DEVIL TAKES A WIFE!

The picture that
shows the whole
shocking story
of the most
unholy union
in screen history!

20th
CENTURY
FOX
presents

THE DEVIL'S BRIDE

COLOR BY DeLUXE



Screenplay by RICHARD MATHESON From the novel "The Devil Rides Out" by JAMES HAMILTON
Produced by ANTHONY NELSON KEYS Directed by TERENCE FISHER A Seven Arts-Hammer Film Production

NON-STOP, a novel by renowned SF author Brian Aldiss, has just been purchased for screen treatment (if the author ever did a script based on adventures in the hereafter, would it be called "Aldiss and Heaven Too"?). ... PANIC AT 1075. ... ROCKET TO THE MOON, a Jules Verne space comedy with Terry Thomas, Dennis Price and Dahlia Lavi. ... SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN. ... SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME by H.G. Wells will be a \$15 million remake of the film classic if Ivan Tors ("Science Fiction Theatre," "Kronos") can obtain financial backing. He says, "I've received great interest, but everyone's frightened of the budget". ... SLAVE TO A FAR PLAIN. ... SON OF GOD-ZILLA (Toho) sports giant spiders (Joey Bishop's next film may be a western sequel entitled "Son of a Gun"). ... STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND, by Robert Heinlein, has been purchased by the owners of the Electric Circus, the commercially successful psychedelic/hip oriented nitery in St. Mark's Place, NY, NY. David Gerrold will pen the screenplay, and an interview with him appears in Photon no.17 along with a very special tribute to Karloff & a complete film checklist. This remarkable publication is available for 75 cents from Mark Frank, 801 Ave.C, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218. ... THIN AIR—SFantasy with George Sanders and Maurice Evans.

TELEVISION NEWS

STAR TREK lives! Viewers in the New York area can "go where no man has gone before" by tuning in WPX-TV this fall. Unfortunately, it ruins make you run, then prospects are bleak for TV SFantasy this fall. NBC will have THE GHOST & MRS. MUIR and is watching the scripts very closely. The good captain's ghost isn't transparent, which limits the writers not even to hint at any sort of hankypanky (nothing is more frustrating under the sun than being denied the opportunity of observing ghostly

goings). Further signs of Nixonian-Pastorism: I DREAM OF JEANIE will return without Barbara Eden's navel showing. ... Irwin Allen's LAND OF THE GIANTS will not disappear either. Next season the little people will explore the other side of the planet and discover a world of the future. It's possible that they could show a few reels from Lost In Space or Time Tunnel, in the usual Allen stock-film tradition, and no one would catch on. Of course every producer likes to boast, but the claim is that GIANTS is the most expensive one hour program ever made for TV, costing \$250,000 per episode (though it certainly doesn't even look half that amount). In the event GIANTS' ratings shrink, Allen has another spaceship up his sleeve: he's planning SWISS FAMILY Robinson and a ½ hour comedy based on the play HOW TO MAKE A MAN, about a human type robot. If GIANTS' star Don Matheson looks familiar, it's because he appeared twice on LOST IN SPACE. First he was an alien in white makeup, then an android in a silver costume.

CBS is developing an SFantasy series for the 1970-71 season. Other projected TV pilots are GOTHIC PLACE with John "One Step Beyond" Newland? TOPPER, and THE NANNY based on the Fox film. ... Dan (DARK SHADOWS) Curtis is trying to interest ABC in DEAD OF NIGHT, a series about a modern ghost hunter. Films made especially for TV will include NIGHT GALLERY, hosted by Rod Serling and starring Joan Crawford in a 3-part anthology of unrelated stories. ... ABC's movies include THE IMMORTAL and another version of THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY.

Boris Karloff helped Jonathan Winters celebrate Halloween on his TV show last year. He also portrayed an ailing writer on THE NAME OF THE GAME in an episode entitled "The White Birch". ... Winters also spoofed APes with a Planet of the Chickens sketch. ... When Michael Landon guested on the "Jerry Lewis Show," scenes from I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF

were shown. ... Johnny Carson is arranging to screen portions of the FLASH GORDON serial, as copyright clearance was only recently won copyright clearance obtained.

Ray Bradbury was interviewed for one hour on the syndicated "Les Crane Show." ... Isaac Asimov appeared on the "Mike Douglas Show" and on 21st CENTURY. Incidentally, don't miss CENTURY's episode called "Stranger Than Fiction," devoted to science fiction with excerpts from FLASH GORDON, METROPOLIS, 2001, ROCKETSHIP XM, TRIP TO THE MOON, THINGS TO COME, WAR OF THE WORLDS. ...

DARK SHADOWS' Jonathan Frid might out a Zacherly type record. ... UFO will be England's first original TV series produced by Gerry (DOOPLEGANGER) Anderson. Envisioned as a small screen equivalent of 2001, it will utilize a multitude of spfx with emphasis on realism. ... A number of actors have been picking up some extra bread by emoting in commercials. These include Lon Chaney, Elisha Cook, Ralph Bellamy, Rod Serling and Boris Karloff. ... Have you seen the commercial parody of FANTASTIC VOYAGE called "Voyage to A Fantastic Razor Blade Factory"? ... Don't be too concerned about William Shatner's future. Besides lead parts in TV specials, he just finished a record album called "The Transformed Man" (Decca), and an evening sermonette he filmed in '62 is still being broadcast on TV stations. Also, he's negotiating with Universal for a new series.

PERSONALITIES

LON CHANEY appeared on the "Pat Boone Show" & revealed that FRANKENSTEIN was broadcast on live TV some 25 years ago. He applied his own makeup, which took over four hours. ... ROGER CORMAN, at age 40, had already produced some ninety films of which he personally directed fifty. Starting as a 20th Century Fox messenger, his first film was THE MONSTER FROM THE OCEAN FLOOR for \$12,000. He reached his peak with eleven films in 1959. Filming AIP's THE TERROR with Boris Karloff in less than a week (1963), he confided that all of Karloff's scenes were shot in 2 days. Corman went on to say, "There was just one problem. When I started to assemble the footage, I realized the story didn't make sense. So, there was only one thing left to be called in. I called the subsidiary actors, put them in a closet (you see, the sets had previously been dismantled) and had one of them say to the other, 'Now tell me what all this means.' And the second character, in two quick minutes of exposition unraveled the plot."

BETTE DAVIS, referring to her pseudo-horror films, says, "I never kidded myself into thinking the trash I made was really art in disguise. And I've never seen any of these films. BABY JANE was a challenge and fun. SWEET CHARLOTTE, I liked up to a point. But I always hated the trash and I was always right. Every now and then it turns up on TV so remind me I did it right hard enough. The price for putting my name on the marquee is \$200,000 and 10% of the gross. I won't talk to anybody for anything less, because when they see me on the screen, they're seeing thirty-seven years of sweat." AIP disclosed that Davis wanted \$100,000 for GRAVESIDE STORY, but felt it too drastically.

Freddie Francis, British director of (DRACULA HAS RISEN), feels that producers have typecast him. Of eleven films directed by him, ten have been thrillers for Hammer and Amicus. Another irritation is that the critics automatically dismiss all low-budget horror films. "It's very distressing to know that your work is being reviewed by people who have a great lack of knowledge of film technique."

Albert (DR CYCLOPS) Dekker's demise late last year is still regarded somewhat as a mystery, though "officially" listed as a suicide. Also, some records have him down as 62, others as 64. ... Jonathan Harris, who played wicked Dr. Zerkow on LOST IN SPACE, had occasion to visit a barbershop recently in which two boys were



waiting their turn. One of them promptly bit him on the leg? when asked why, the kid replied, "Because you're such a bad boy!" The other kid looked him over carefully, then volunteered, "Now I know why they choosed you to be him." Harris asked why. "Because you look like him," the boy said.

Alfred Hitchcock once said, "I'm a typed director. If I made Cinderella, the audience would immediately be looking for the body in the coach. . . . Boris Karloff attended last year's Trieste Science Fiction Festival where *THE SORCERERS* was screened along with a horror retrospective including *THE BLACK CAT* and *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. On his 80th birthday, Karloff made the cover of *Life* magazine which featured an article on *FRANKENSTEIN*. A fitting tribute in his last days.

Fritz Lang, speaking at the Museum of Modern Art, said that editor Channing Pollack reduced *METROPOLIS* from thirteen to nine reels, and later wrote an article explaining how his drastic cutting had improved the film. . . .

Leonard Nimoy's only complaint about *STAR TREK* was during the first season. They put him in scenes where he didn't do anything or usually didn't belong. Trying to excuse himself from these scenes, he was told, "They want to see Mr. Spock, even if he's in a corner of the room, standing on his head." There wasn't ample time to rewrite the scripts, so, Leonard says, "I'd just stand there and say things like, 'Look out, Captain! Watch it!'" *SPOCK* fans can join the Leonard Nimoy National Fan Assoc., 122 W. Carolyne Dr., Garland, Tex. 75040.

Roman Polanski, director and star of *THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS*, married his

co-star Sharon Tate. . . . Spencer Tracy was offered the starring role in a TV version of *DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE*. He said, "I turned it down because they couldn't meet my price and I told them, when I go on TV, I'm going to overcharge a great deal." When once offered a cameo role in *BATMAN*, he replied, "I'll do a *BATMAN* when it's called *Death Comes to Batman*." Tracy's biography is being considered for filming.

Nicholas Morgan, after a hiatus culminating from overwork and illness, is back in harness offering his fabulous collection of great old radio shows for sale. They're on first-class tapes, usually at 3 1/4 tape speed, & all listed in a catalog Nick sends out for 25 cents. Write him c/o 9008 Palisades Ave., North Bergen, N.J. 07047.

† END †



Gentleman Monster

Exemplifying Karloff's important star status is this page (reprinted intact and as is) from a popular movie fan mag in 1940.



Just a gentleman-farmer plotting a little quiet murder... for the snails and the cut-worms



During the filming of *Devil's Island* little Janet Chapmen decided to try her skill, and here she is doing a successful job of frightening Karloff



Yes, they're called desert swords, but no duelling goes on in Karloff's serene garden



Polishing up on poisons and lethal high-balls? No, just going over a picture script

On the screen he is busily at work manufacturing shivers and chills in *Devil's Island* and *Mr. Wong—Detective*, but off-screen he is a quiet-loving homebody as you can see by the pictures


They say dogs never make a mistake, and the Scottie, "Whiskey," is a devoted companion



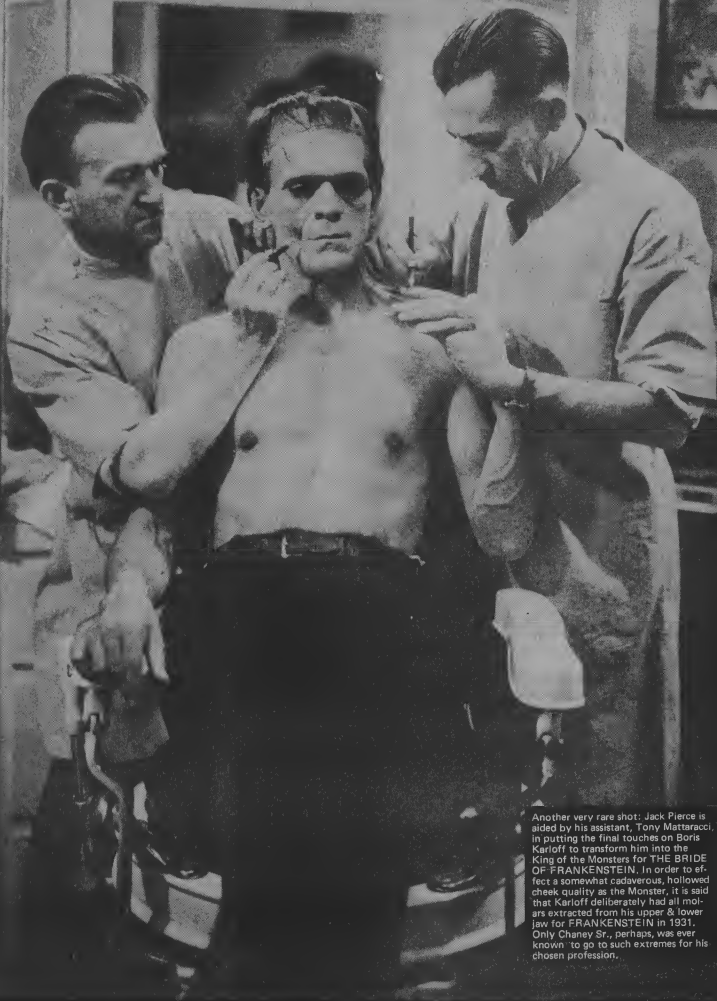
And the menacing Mr. Karloff likes nothing better than the long hours he spends in his music room

J. Carrol Naish as "friend Daniel" and Karloff as a "Doctor of dubious integrity" in *THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (Universal, 1945). The balance of the distinguished cast consisted of Lon Chaney Jr. (The Wolf Man), John Carradine (as Dracula), and Glenn Strange as The Monster. In an important supporting role, George Zucco played Prof. Bruno Lampini, director of a traveling "Horror Show"—Karloff and Naish do him in and assume his show and reputation.





An extremely rare photo of Karloff getting prepared for *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1935) under the fantastic fingers of makeup genius Jack Pierce. Note the complete professional tone and atmosphere of Pierce's studio, from the regulation barber's chair to the array of numerous articles of makeup equipment on the cabinet in the background. With both great men now gone (Pierce passed away only in the past year), the SFantaFilm World is virtually desolate.



Another very rare shot: Jack Pierce is aided by his assistant, Tony Mattaracci, in putting the final touches on Boris Karloff to transform him into the King of the Monsters for **THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. In order to effect a somewhat cadaverous, hollowed cheek quality as the Monster, it is said that Karloff deliberately had all molars extracted from his upper & lower jaw for **FRANKENSTEIN** in 1931. Only Chaney Sr., perhaps, was ever known to go to such extremes for his chosen profession.



As a change of pace from the routine and printed-for-the-hundredth time photos of Karloff that have appeared (again!) following his lamented demise, brought together on this and following pages are an unusual and rare assortment of never-before-published scenes. Above: As he appeared in 1938 while doing five weeks of Arch Obler's **LIGHTS OUT** on radio. Below: With his wife, 1933, for **THE GHOUL** in England.



MY LIFE AS A MONSTER

By **BORIS KARLOFF**

No one man has done more to establish the legend of the horror film than Boris Karloff. In this article he explains why horror can be good for you.

I DISLIKE the word "horror" yet it is a word that has been tagged to me all my life. It is a misnomer...for it means revulsion. The films I have made were made for entertainment, maybe with the object of making the audience's hair stand on end, but never to revolt people. Perhaps terror would be a much better word to describe these films, but alas, it is too late now to change the adjective. My films even prompted the British Censor to introduce a certificate in the early 30's known as H... for horror.

Early in 1931 when the first Frankenstein film was released the Universal publicity department coined the phrase "A Horror Picture" and from that day on the "horror film" was here to stay. This genre of film entertainment obviously fulfills a desire in people to experience something which is beyond the range of everyday human emotion. This conclusion can be drawn from two facts.

First, from the tremendous success financially and otherwise of the early Frankenstein films and subsequent pictures of a similar type. Secondly, because of an incident on the set of *Stranglehold*, a British "horror" film which I have just finished making at Walton Studios. We were about to shoot a sequence in which a man is flogged. Suddenly the set was crowded by studio workmen and office girls all eager to have a look! There is a violent streak in all of us: and if it can be exploded in the cinema instead of in some anti-social manner in real life, so much the better.

Perhaps the best possible audience for a "horror" film is a child audience. The vivid imagination with which a child is gifted is far more receptive to the ingredients in these pictures than the adult imagination which merely finds them artificial. Because they have vivid imaginations we must not underestimate children...they know far more than we think they do.

When I played Frankenstein's Monster I received sack loads of fan mail...mostly from young girls. These children had seen right through the make-up and had been deeply moved by sympathy for the poor brute.

Children choose what they want to see in an entertainment. This was brought home to me during the record run of Barrie's *Peter Pan* at the Imperial Theatre in New York. I played Captain Hook and, being interested in the children's reaction to the play, I invited a horde of them to come along to the theatre. *Peter Pan*, as everybody knows, is a mixture of romanticism and adventure. The somewhat frightening exploits of Captain Hook are off-set by the whimsy of Tinker Bell. The frightening element would possibly, one would think,



The word "Terror" in classical as well as modern Greek stands for MONSTER. And if ever the ancients of Greece ever thought of bequeathing the legacy of Monster Creator upon one of their descendants, then surely they must have had the late Grecian-born master of make-up, Jack Pierce in mind. For it was he who created the immortal masterpiece of make-up that will for ever be identified as The FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER. In the above scene, Boris Karloff is already in the preliminary stage-being made up by Pierce for THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

stay in a child's mind far longer than the fairy element. After the final curtain I took them backstage and introduced them to the cast. Almost all the children would first want to meet Wendy and Tinker Bell and then they would want to put on the Captain's hook. Their first reaction when they looked at themselves in the mirror was to grunt and scowl and make the same type of lurching gestures as does Frankenstein's monster.

The fascination of the "horror" film is perhaps because it is make-believe. Most people like to pretend that there is something just behind the door. It transports the audience to another world. A world of fantasy and of imagination. A world inhabited by the characters of Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm. The "horror" film is concocted more or less from the folk tales of every country. When I am asked if these films are harmful to children, my answer is always the same: Do Grimm's fairy tales do any harm to children? I have never heard of fairy tale books being used

in evidence in a juvenile delinquency case!

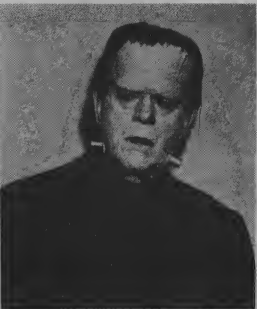
Naturally, good taste plays a very important part in the telling of a "horror" story on film. Some have taste, others regrettably have not. As there are no rules laid down to give an indication of good taste it is up to the film's makers.

You are walking a very narrow tight rope when you make such a film. It is building the illusion of the impossible and giving it the semblance of reality that is of prime importance. The moment the film becomes stupid the audience will laugh and the illusion is lost . . . never to be regained. The story must be intelligent and coherent as well as being unusual and bizarre . . . in fact just like a fairy tale or a good folk story. The "horror" has to be for the sake of the story and not, as a few recent films have done, have a story outline just for the sake of injecting as many shocks as possible.

The central character is most important

in a "horror" picture because he is more complex. You must understand his point of view although you know he is mistaken. You must have sympathy for him although you know he is terribly wrong. An example of a good central character of this type was Columbia's Mad Doctor in the famous series. Although you were pleased to see him destroyed you were sorry that it had happened.

The special technique of "horror" filmmaking is to stimulate the imagination. This is usually done by showing bits and pieces which gradually build up a picture in people's imagination. For instance, in the Frankenstein films one saw the doctor with fuming liquids, bubbling test tubes, lights flashing and electrical circuits buzzing. These various images cut together heightened the tension. At the correct moment the monster would appear and (I hope) the audience would jump. It is important in any visual entertainment to allow the audience to use its imagination—never underline the action. If sympathy is wanted for the



character, he himself must reject sympathy.

Although I am devoted to the part of the Monster in the Frankenstein films (if I lived to be a thousand I would always be associated with them) I pulled out after making the third in the series. After the first three I could see that the possibilities were exhausted for both Dr. Frankenstein and his Monster. In fact, the poor brute was becoming a comic prop for the third act. I always felt that the first three in the series were tasteful and well produced, unlike the trend of many films today which seem intent on degrading an audience rather than purging their emotions with a kind of terror that is cathartic in its effect.

I remember the advent of the "horror" picture. I had kicked around Hollywood for ten years playing extra and various small parts in films. When the Depression came in America I even took up lorry driving. When things became a little more stable I landed a role in a play called "The Criminal Code" as a convict. I had ugly cropped hair and a gruesome make-up. I played the same role in the film. One of the studio executives no doubt thought, "Here's an ugly looking customer; let's try him for the part of the Monster." I was given a test and got the part, though the make-up was not at that time created. Jack Pierce, the chief make-up artist at Universal, and I, worked three hours almost every evening for three weeks creating the makeup. Finally James Whale, who directed FRANKENSTEIN, saw the test and was overjoyed. Jack Pierce's words still echo in my mind: "This is going to be a big thing!" How right he was.

I felt that the role was a challenge. I had to portray a sub-human of little intelligence and without speech, still getting over the sympathetic qualities in the role. When the Monster did speak (in the second film) I knew that this was eventually going to destroy the character. It did for me, anyway.

I believe the British censor cut a scene from THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN because of what he thought in his own mind were necrophile tendencies. I must say now that I have never knowingly been in a scene that was objectionable to good taste. Some of my films have been stupid and silly, because they did not have good stories; but they have never been distasteful. I am opposed to censorship in any form. Censorship always seems to me to be a mistrust of people's intelligence. I believe that good taste takes care of license. It is also worth remembering that one does not have to go and see a film.

I have been asked many times: What is the best "horror" film you have made? I would say, without a doubt, the original FRANKENSTEIN.

I always try to see a film in which I have appeared when it goes on release, so that all the technical details are not too fresh in my mind. I am afraid that "horror" films do not excite me much. Possibly because I have made so many; but for millions of film goers, they relieve the humdrum life of the average individual better than any other kind of story, and that after all is what entertainment should always do.

— Boris Karloff —

Sterring George Meharris & Martin Milner in different adventures every week, ROUTE 66 turned out some of TV's smoothest & sometimes, most avant gard productions. In '62 they came up with a horror "spoof" with Karloff stepping once more into his legendary Monster role. Going thru painstaking step-by-step makeup application, concrete evidence of being the eternal trouper is seen above where he even sheds his moustache for the job.

KARLOFF

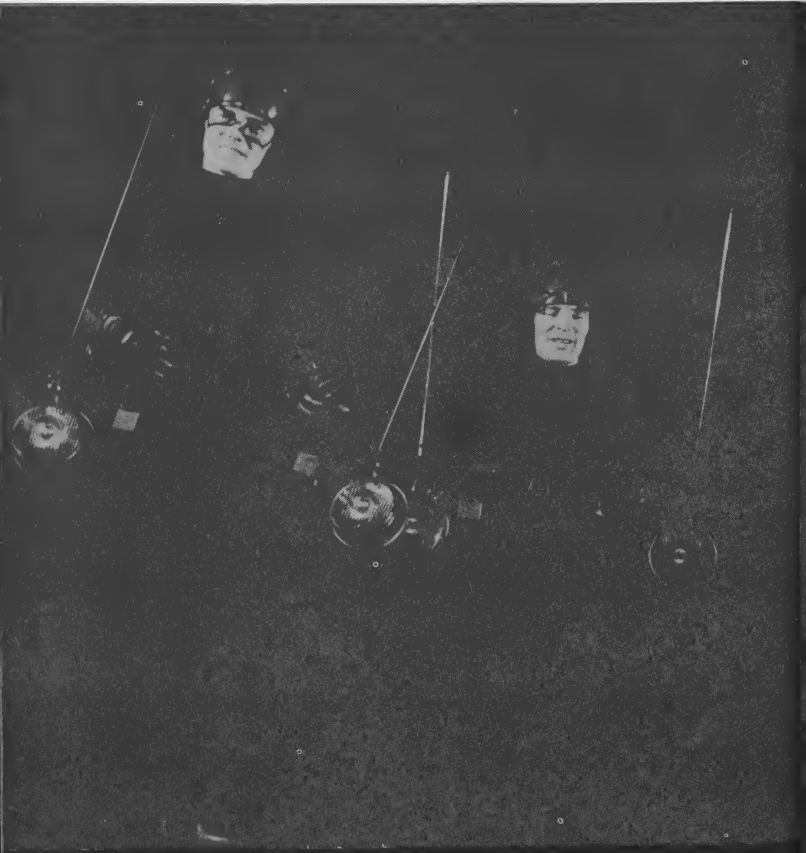
KARLOFF the inscrutable—KARLOFF the mysterious—KARLOFF the terrifying—KARLOFF, the "Frankenstein" monster himself, will make new goose pimples grow where none grew before, as the mad butler in the smashing picturization of J. B. Priestley's great novel.



With CHARLES
LAUGHTON
and MELVYN
DOUGLAS

With GLORIA STUART,
LILIAN BOND and many
others. Produced by Carl
Laemmle, Jr. Directed
by JAMES WHALE. Pre-
sented by Carl Laemmle.
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE.

The
OLD DARK HOUSE



Q.: Do you have any criticism of **MOBY DICK**?

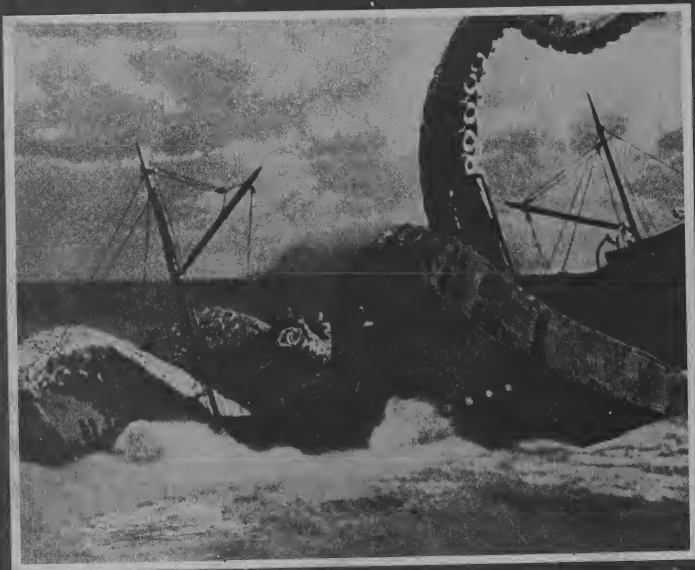
BRADBURY: Only on the casting. I think that Huston didn't work with Gregory Peck correctly as a director. On the first day of shooting, Huston walked up to Peck and said: "Great, Greg. Now give me just a little more." And I think it was that "little more" that killed it. See, Ahab is a paranoid,

a driven man, a very wild kind of insane person. It had to be played, on one level, with great dedication and fierceness. You could get a great performance out of Sir Ralph Richardson or Sir Laurence Olivier. Whom I wanted. Walter Huston when he was alive. Even Burt Lancaster could do Ahab. But with a man like Peck, he's basically a quiet individual. There-

An Interview With

RAY

(Cont.)



Above left are two of the "firemen" from FAHRENHEIT 451. Directed under the sensitive hand of Francois Truffaut, it is the best and most creditable effort to date of all Bradbury stories to have made a transition to the screen. — Inset above is from IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA, thought by some to have been vaguely inspired by some of the Bradbury elements (if not title) of THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS which came out two years earlier.

BRADBURY

John Stanley,
interviewer



A moment of truth in IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE.

fore you must think in terms of catatonia. In terms of the kind of madness that turns away and in. Therefore you must allow Peck to be a colder, quieter kind of madman, and work on that level. Huston never explored Ahab quite in that way. Well, I've seen the film ten times now. It's moving and it's haunting and it's got it, boy, it's got it. I'm very proud of it. Very proud.

Q.: What about television? Are you currently involved in any writing projects for that medium?

BRADBURY: I just finished writing for Chuck Jones a 90-minute TV special on the history of Halloween in cartoon form. It'll be produced this fall and shown next year on one of the networks. But I'm afraid of getting locked into anything like a series. First of all, you can't guarantee the quality. I don't know of any writer in the world who can do a 35-week series and sustain it. Even Rod

Serling couldn't do it when he had the help of my two good friends, Charles Beaumont and Richard Matheson, on "The Twilight Zone."

Q.: In your short story "Almost the End of the World," you're making a personal, abstract statement about the quality of television—that it's turning us into zombies. Come on now. Don't you really enjoy many of the things television has to offer?

BRADBURY: Oh, of course. The thing I enjoy most of all is Bugs Bunny. In fact, that's my favorite show. People think I'm pulling their legs when I say that, but I'm serious. Of course, that's motion pictures. TV is turning out to be the best purveyor of old films that I have wanted to see over and over. For example, the other night I saw *THE LADY VANISHES* and it holds up extremely well. I'm a big Hitchcock fan. I would say, in fact, that 95 per cent of the time the reason I like TV is simply for old

films. Every Sunday morning you can be sure I'll be up at 10:30 watching Bugs Bunny.

Being a writer—Re SF—and other things

Q.: Do you read a lot of science-fiction nowadays?

BRADBURY: Not as much as I used to, because I feel it's dangerous to read in your own field. I think it's better to read in poetry, psychology, philosophy, etc. and bring back into your own field things from other fields. First of all, if you read something that's already been done you don't want to do it. Right? Reading what others have written can often discourage you. So it's not wise to read in your own field. That way you stay fresh and original. Of course, there are times I will read certain

favorites. Leigh Brackett is an old, old friend. Ed Hamilton I like. Catherine Moore. Henry Kuttner when he was alive.

Q.: I recently heard Burgess Meredith on record, reading your "There Will Come Soft Rains." I never realized before how close that is to sheer poetry. What has been your reaction over the years to others comparing you to a poet?

BRADBURY: The great thing over the years was discovering suddenly I was a poet. At least that's what a lot of people said I was. I guess that's the best way to become a poet—to do it without knowing it. Because if you get self-conscious it doesn't work. Nothing works. The best way to be any kind of writer is to live and to write and get the work done every day and have a wonderful time with it. And don't look back and don't look too far ahead. Just get the work done every day. . . .



James Mason in 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, another link in the "gigantic creatures" cycle of the Fifties inspired greatly by Bradbury's successful BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS (1953).

Q.: It's been a couple of years now since your last short story collection, "Machineries of Joy." Is there a new one in the works?

BRADBURY: Yes, it's called "The Kilimanjaro Device." But that will take another year before it will be out.

Q.: You have an incredible number of projects you're working on. How do you do it?

BRADBURY: I don't, really. If there were three of me, there still wouldn't be enough time to do all the things there are to do.

Q.: Didn't you once have ambitions to be an actor?

BRADBURY: In high school I was very active in the drama society and after I left high school I worked with Laraine Day's little theater group here in Los Angeles until I was 21. But all through the latter part of my teens I knew I could have only one career—that was writing.

Q.: And don't you do quite a bit of lecturing?

BRADBURY: It's one of my biggest kicks. It gives me a chance to act, you see. To sense an audience, to know how they're thinking and how they're reacting.

Q.: What criteria do you follow in selecting a subject?

BRADBURY: I never prepare a topic in advance. No matter where I speak. I just go in and, if I'm on a campus say, I get a sense of what the campus is like or how the tastes run. I find generally if I speak on the things we're discussing now, everything goes well. What is creativity? How do you work with it? How do you stay enthused with life in the face of so much that is brutal and dehumanizing and unhappy? How do you not growl in a world of sorrow and destruction? How do you control your own violence and hostility?... All these things are of vast interest. These are the subjects common to us all.

Q.: Even though you've sold hundreds of short stories, sold to the

movies and produced plays, do you still occasionally face rejection?

BRADBURY: Ohhhh. Constantly. There isn't a week that passes that I don't get rejection slips. I had five stories out last week and I received, this week, five rejection slips. So I haven't got it made. You see, I continue to shift gears. Every story I write is some new thing that has hit me. It's not a conscious effort to be different, it's just that any wild thing that comes into my head, I write it. No, it writes me. It has its own life and it must be born. So you write a story and there it is. You never know what's going to happen next. You sit at the typewriter and it rushes out on paper and suddenly it's finished. Writing must be based on love. It's such a tired word but we don't have any other to describe it. You have things around you because you like them. You do things because they're worth doing. And if you do them in the instant then they can't help but be good. If you stop and think about a

lot of things, you'll put it off and give yourself reasons for not doing them.

Q.: You've said in the past you've drawn on your childhood love for magic and fantasy to write many of your earlier stories. What have you found in later life that you've drawn upon for your stories?

BRADBURY: Pretty much the same thing. I think my sense of the miraculous remains pretty constant. I'm still pretty bewildered at the universe we live in. I'm awfully grateful for being alive. So many people are so mistaken in their attitude toward life. They allow their critical faculties to so overwhelm them, they can't even enjoy the fact of living.

Q.: Regarding your many short stories. Do you have a favorite?

BRADBURY: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" is my favorite book. I think it says more about my own life, about my father. "Dandelion Wine" is based on my experiences with my brother and much of it is so basic to me.

Q.: In his "Seekers of Tomorrow," Sam Moskowitz accused you of writing less and less science-fiction in more recent times.

BRADBURY: It's not really true. Remember, it's only been a year since I had a long short story in *Playboy* called "The Lost City of Mars." *Playboy* wants another story but recently rejected two. And there are other fantasies in the marketplace. . . .

Q.: What do you feel is your main weakness as a writer?


BRADBURY: If I knew I would correct it. I don't think I really know. I don't think you can analyze and correct weaknesses. All you can do is have hindsight and keep writing and reading and hope to learn more about people, atmosphere, things. The greatest thing, though, is to develop a style that is totally suitable. That is totally yourself. In other words, style is not worthwhile unless it's absolute truth. And truth, after all, develops its own style. They're one and the same, actually. When I read something I ask myself, "What kind of truth does this man tell me of himself? Is he lying to me?" If he is lying, then he has a false style. If he's telling the truth he has his own style—automatically. What you're trying to do is bring out all the truths at various levels. Your fear of the dark, your fear of violence, your hostility toward this, your love of that.

Q.: You've written many short stories about machines . . . how do you feel toward today's gadgetry and inventions?

Above: From TV's *HITCHCOCK SHOW*, "The Jar," scripted by Ray Bradbury and selected as one of the outstanding drama segments of all time.

On set of Hitchcock's *THE JAR*, Pat Buttram tells co-star Collin Wilkox and *JAR* author Ray Bradbury about his days with "Gene Artery".





Frank Silvera in HITCHCOCK'S tv adaptation of Bradbury's "Lifework of Juan Diaz. Silvera also appeared in Stan "2001" Kubrick's first recognized (& well acclaimed) film, KILLER'S KISS, said to have been made (in '55) for less than \$25,000!

BRADBURY: I think machines can be fabulous teachers. We're so primitive, still, in our ability to teach one another. I write about machines to show how we can use them to humanize ourselves. Jesus, a hundred years from this very day we'll have robots the likes of which you can't even begin to imagine. Think what lies ahead. You'll be able to program a robot to carry on a dialogue. I see the proliferation of millions of robots who'll be teaching us history, philosophy and sociology in colleges all over the world. It sounds impossible right now—it sounds silly, it sounds stupid. But it will happen.

Q.: You have a file bulging with stories that have never been submitted for publication. Is there any one characteristic about them that makes them unsalable.

BRADBURY: No, no, I'm not keeping them there because they won't sell. I'm keeping them there because I can only work on them one

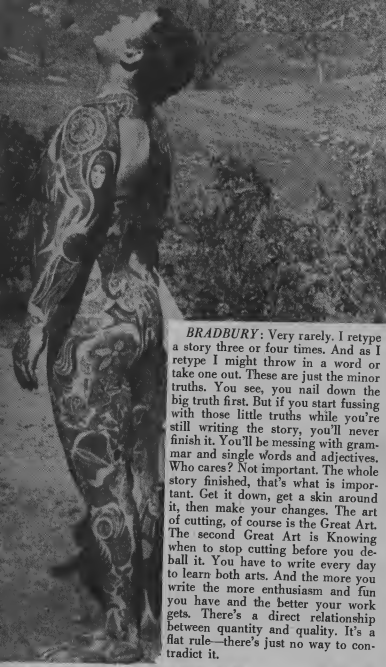
at a time. There are just so many hours in the day and so many stories you can finish in a year. These are all fragments I've put away. There's a beginning, middle or end. In the last month I've taken two stories out of the file I began 16 years ago. One story just went off and the other I finished two weeks ago. I go through my file and if a fragment cries out to me in any way—if the idea speaks and says "Father, it's time, clap me, on the back and bring me to life," then I take it out.

Q.: Do you find you have to be in a certain mood for a certain story?

BRADBURY: Yes, I use my file as a Rorschach Test for myself. I just keep going through it, and as these stories flash past I remember a title and I say "Yeah, yeah, yeah, this is good but I never did like that ending." And if the ending comes to me in that instant, success. A lot of times I go with instinct, with intuition. I believe all great creative

things have happened on a subliminal level. I do not believe in the intellectual writer. I do, however, believe in the ideas he writes about. A lot of my ideas, I find when I'm finished, are intellectually accepted. They are of my time. "There Will Come Soft Rains" is a poetic exposition on an idea that has to do with hydrogen bombs, people and machinery. But I didn't set out to write that kind of story. It wrote itself. My subconscious thought it up on its own terms. But this is where there'll always be continuing conflict. The fight will be between creative persons and intellectuals. And the intellectual, per se, is not a creative person. Can't be. I do not know of any solutions to problems that have ever been thought out. I think these things happen intuitively. That part of the process I'm afraid of is the one setting on top of the mind, guiding and steering. This is the destroyer of the creative process.

Q.: Do you do much rewriting?



THE ILLUSTRATED MAN

THE STORY

Carl (ROD STEIGER), a former carnival roustabout, shows a picture of an old farmhouse to Willie (ROBERT DRIVAS), a young itinerant, when they meet at a rural camp site on a stifling Labor Day in 1933. Willie is terrified when his strange companion confides that when he finds the house, which has a sign hanging in front, "Skin Illustrations," he will kill the woman living there. Carl explains his wanting to murder by taking off his shirt. Weird designs are vividly tattooed over his entire body. There is only one bare spot on his back which, when stared at long enough, reveals the future to the viewer. While Carl is telling Willie how the tattoos come alive, the scene cuts back to another Labor Day, 20 years earlier . . .

Felicia (CLAIRE BLOOM), the seductive skin illustrator, has lured Carl inside her house. She begins by tattooing a rose on his hand. Infatuated, he permits her to tattoo his entire body.

The scene shifts again, back to the camp, where Willie is hypnotized by a picture of the African veldt on Carl's chest. Suddenly, the picture bursts from its confines to show Carl and Felicia watching lions in the veldt. They run out of the veldt into the hall of a home designed for the programmed society of a future century. Their trip to the veldt had been made possible by an expensive toy in the nursery. By simply wishing it, an atmosphere can be created, representing any place or time. Though the Mental Health Ministry claims that such a Free Involvement produces happy children, Carl and Felicia fear the nursery has become a destructive influence. Their children, John (TIM WELDON) and Anna (CHRISTIE MATCHETT) deny they've been turning on Africa, and attempt to convince their parents that they've been playing in Camelot Castle.

That night, Carl and Felicia run to the children's nursery when they hear screams. Rushing through the nursery door, they find themselves in the midst of the veldt. They are trapped and left to three attacking lions, when their children close the door.

The story returns to the 1933 camp site. Carl, ominously hunched over Willie, is aware of Willie's return from hallucination. Carl tells him now Felicia had seductively promised great happiness after she had tattooed his body. Next, she had painted a surging rocket ship.

Carl presses his hand against the tattoo and the rocket begins to throb. Though Willie fears further hallucinations, Carl mesmerizes him. Willie finds himself with the survivors of a rocket-ship crash—Carl, Pickard (DON DUBBINS) and Simmons (JASON EYERS)—searching for a sun dome on a mini-planet of incessant, driving rain. Carl, the hated leader, kills Simmons with a laser beam for defiance of orders. Pickard drowns in the heavy rain. Finally, Willie commits suicide with his own laser weapon. Carl eventually reaches the Survival Outpost, a Sun Dome of marvellous luxury, where a seductive hostess pours him a steaming drink.

The scene now shifts to many centuries in the future. Felicia is kissing Carl, in a pastoral setting. Twelve years earlier, the moon suddenly disappeared and the Earth was wrapped in a thick, white gas. The few survivors decided to live a simple life, in peace with the wild beasts. Carl, returning from a World Forum meeting, reports that the surviving 2,693 adults had unanimously decided that the last night of the world had come. World Ethics ruled all children be put to sleep to escape the coming ordeal. Felicia refuses. Next morning, Felicia awakens. The world has not come to an end; but, Carl is not by her side. Rushing from the room, she freezes in horror. The covered forms of the poisoned children are in their beds. Seated on the floor, completely shattered, is Carl, who had abided by the rules of the World Forum.

Back at the 1933 camp site, Carl tells Willie that he will strangle Felicia, when he finds her, because she had beguiled him with false promises, while doing her drawings. She had never loved the roustabout Carl, had never granted him the favors she showered on the Carl of her pictures. After her task was completed, she had left him. Even the house had vanished, with her. She had left Carl's clothes piled on a kitchen chair in the weed-covered field. Willie screams that people and houses don't just disappear. But, Carl insists that Felicia had gone back to the future. He falls into a coma-like sleep. Willie, in disgust, spits on the unconscious Carl, spraying the one bare spot on his body. Willie then forces his own death—Carl strangling him. In terror, Willie lifts a heavy boulder, hurls it at Carl's head and flees. In his death throes, Carl staggering to his feet and ploddingly follows Willie's tracks.

(Running Time: 103 minutes)

CAST

ROD STEIGER	Carl
CLAIRE BLOOM	Felicia
ROBERT DRIVAS	Willie
DON DUBBINS	Pickard
JASON EYERS	Simmons
TIM WELDON	John
CHRISTIE MATCHETT	Anna

Producers, Howard B. Kreitsek; Director, Jack Smight; Screenplay, Howard B. Kreitsek; Director of Photography, Philip Lathrop, A.S.C.; Art Director, Joel Schiller; Film Editor, Archie Marshek, A.C.E.; Sound, Francis E. Stahl; Visual Arts Consultant, Richard Sylbert; Production Manager and Assistant Director, Terry Nelson; Production Coordinator, Carl Lindstrom; Script Supervisor, Dorothy Aldrin; Costume Designer, Anthea Sylbert; Set Decorator, Marvin March; Music, Jerry Goldsmith; Makeup Supervisor, Gordon Bau, S.M.A.; Skin Illustration Designer, James E. Reynolds; Hairstyles, Ernest Adler; Hair Styling, Lenore Weaver; Camera Operator, George Nogle; Second Assistant Director, Joe Nayfack; Special Effects, Ralph Webb; Wardrobe, Michael Hart; Dog Trainer, Frank Weatherwax; Greeneries, Ernest Denard; Wild Animals Affection-Trained, Africa, USA; Unit Publicist, Ted Ashton; An SKM Production.



Ray Bradbury's THE ILLUSTRATED MAN Reviewed

Often maligned by fellow SFantasy writers for his unorthodoxy, for his disregard for technical minutiae and an alleged anti-science attitude, Ray Bradbury is nevertheless a prose stylist of beauty, sensitivity and quiet power. His fantasist's gift for evocation of times both remembered and imagined, while sometimes clouded by erratic, overindulgent phrasing, remains a formidable and very real one. And, his backlog of novels and stories are the sort from which fine motion pictures could be made. Yet film has not been overly kind to Ray Bradbury.

In 1953 his gentle story "The Fog Horn" — about a last, lonely dinosaur responding briefly to the sounds of a lighthouse — became *THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS*, an exercise in Ray Harryhausen special effects, in which the monster rampages King Kong-like through New York? an efficient but undramatic formula thriller which, whatever its merits, had nothing of Bradbury in it. The same year he did a treatment for Universal's 3-D'er, *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*, though the script was entrusted to veteran Harry Essex. Due to its basically modest, unsensational quality and a nice, somewhat starry-eyed undercurrent throughout, the picture was one of the better efforts of the year (and now rated by many buffs even as a minor classic) despite a rather confused finale. Its best, most Bradburian sequences were atmospheric, mildly philosophical moments like a telephone lineman's brief musings over the wind in the wires.

In 1956 Bradbury and John Huston managed a creditable adaptation of Melville's *MOBY DICK*, and Hitchcock's TV program has presented several Bradbury story adaptations which, along with Francois Truffaut's *FAHRENHEIT 451* (1966), remain the best Bradbury on film. Truffaut's film, which the critics panned and pounced on (because it wasn't the kind of picture they expected!), was a lyrical, eccentric and darkly humorous production which did not solve all the problems inherent in its transfer from a book about books to a film about books. Even so, Truffaut's depiction of the book people caught fully the fallen romanticism of the original.

Now, following numerous stillborn attempts to commit "The Martian Chronicles" to film, we have Warner/7 Arts' "prestige" production of *THE ILLUSTRATED MAN*, the 1951 collection of short stories connected by a linking narrative (a favorite Bradbury device). His body covered with fantastic skin illustrations applied by a woman "who looked a thousand years old one moment and twenty years old the next," *THE ILLUSTRATED MAN* first appears (standing against the sky) to the drifter-narrator on a warm September afternoon. The pictures on his body shimmer and seem to move in the darkness of the night, forming eighteen dramas of horror and wonder, and finally revealing the narrator's impending murder by the Illustrated Man. He runs down the roadway from his future.

Dramatized at length are three stories: "The Veldt," "The Long Rain," and "The Last Night of the World." From its very beginning the film is all wrong—in mood, in design, in approach, in execution. At its best, it is subtly wrong.

In fact, *ILLUSTRATED MAN* is such a total

failure on so many levels, it's hard to see where it began to go wrong. That Bradbury was not involved in its creation is painfully obvious. Jack Smight's direction is hollow, without feeling, without style—in an unkind word: hack. His staging, his choice of locations, his use of the medium are all particularly unimaginative. Were Smight's lack of empathy for the material the only problem, the film might still have survived. But Howard B. Kreitsek's tv-style adaptations and "improvements" on the original are hopelessly dull and heavy-handed. The stories are extensively re-written, with most of the dialogue changed to include "in" vulgarisms and out-of-place scatological references. Bradbury's own play version of "The Veldt," about a futuristic playroom which two children can will into being the African landscape of their fantasies, would have been more effective than Kreitsek's rewrite, which conveys none of the repressed violence of a future world of endless leisure time. "The Long Rain," about astronauts on a planet of torrential downpours, is so mishandled that its final moments are completely ineffectual. "The Last Night of the World," originally a lovely vignette in which one couple represents humanity as it realizes the world must end that night, "like the closing of a book," has been expanded into a trick-ending "gimmick" story with the introduction of a new twist in which the parents of the world are required to put their children to painless death through poison capsules. Even so, it might have had some value but for the trowel-like direction which robs the climax of so much impact.

The Illustrated Man story-bridge scenes are even less effective. Where Bradbury's character was tired and somewhat mystical, Smight's is



near psychopathic, his intended vengeance on the vanished illustrator taken to tedious lengths, with a new sexual slant, plus nude scenes. (Can't you see them now as they got together during the story conference: "We'll make this more than just science-fantasy—we'll make it adult!") Going further afield, the drifter turns out to be a bit of a sexually repressed neurotic himself, and bashes in the Illustrated Steiger's head before running away. Undaunted, the victim arises, his bloodied gaze registering—what? Hatred? Defiance? Omnipotence?—Steiger sets off in pursuit. The drifter runs around a bend and the camera zooms shakily in upon—a pile of dirt, which goes out of focus as Claire Bloom intones a pointless line about the metaphysical uncertainty of the future.

Despite valiant efforts by Steiger (physically well-cast as the Illustrated Man) and others in the cast, as well as one or two interesting sets

and effects, this latest attempt at filmed Bradbury is a major disappointment. There is nothing of the dream, the nightmare or even the reality of the original, and even on its own the film is colorless, meaningless, frequently boring and finally pretentious? an implacably mediocre Hollywood entity created by minds apparently incapable of responding to the challenge posed by the material. *THE ILLUSTRATED MAN* will not be made again, and we are stuck with this specious version—but there are other, equally photogenic Bradbury stories (and there's nothing in the rules that prevents Bradbury from having these stories re-adapted again for the screen under more competent and creative conditions).

The framework of the short story film can be rewarding, and movies worthy of Bradbury's "Kaleidoscope," "The Pedestrian," "The Lake,"

"The Meadow" and many more can still be made. Even the weak "Something Wicked This Way Comes" could, in the proper hands, become a marvelous feature. Bradbury has been at work for some years on his own screenplay for "And The Rock Cried Out," and Serge Bourguignon's *PICASSO SUMMER*, albeit reputedly also disappointing, awaits release.

On the basis of *THE ILLUSTRATED MAN*, though, it's not hard to imagine a Jack Smith version of "Dandelion Wine" with Fabian in the lead.

A far more moving and intriguing 103 minute film could have been made of Ray Bradbury's face as he watched *THE ILLUSTRATED MAN* for the first time.

— Joe Dante —

All Manner of Fantasies

PATTERNS OF CINEMA

It is the first of two articles investigating the causes and effect of fantasy and horror films in both silent and sound periods. This survey deals with the European school—magicians, waxworks, and Gothic castles.

By **PETER JOHN DYER**

HOWEVER extensive his knowledge or sharp his acumen, the genuine student of Cinema must never cease to approach it with a sense of wonder. Whether, like the French critic Ado Kyrrou, he is a man who believes the cinema "has a gigantic and apocalyptic rendezvous with surrealism"; or whether he is just a stowaway in Flash Gordon's rocket-ship; whatever his tastes, addictions, fears, the cinema must be for him "le nouveau mythe de l'homme" (Kyrrou).

In all countries, and at all times, fantasy has been the mirror of Man's fears; of his shortcomings and feelings of impotence in the face of nature's mystery. Fantasy, from the beginning, has had a peculiar success on the screen. It is the obvious medium. The theatre cannot communicate it, nor can television, and only radio—as Orson Welles once demonstrated—can rival the cinema as fantasy's agent. Following his radio production of *The War of the Worlds*, however, the cinema claimed Welles. It was inevitable: for, although sound alone can produce with immediacy a concentrated, nation-wide shiver of apprehension, the screen can reach further, deeper. It can suggest a whole universe of menace and strangeness, especially when it refuses to show things we feel certain must be there, lurking, in the shadows, in the atmosphere.

Audiences have always had an instinctive belief in the truth of photographic image. Even today they are prepared to suspend their disbelief, so long as the miracles of photography have been assembled with sufficient skill and imagination. The basic tricks were discovered right away. The cinema was born of illusion. In 1852, Etienne Marey invented a photographic gun to record the flight of birds, and in 1888 he gave the illusion of movement in *La Marche de l'Homme*.

Stage Magician

That same year, a stage magician, Georges Méliès, began his career as proprietor and principal performer of the *Théâtre Robert-Houlin*, a popular temple of mystery and prestidigitation. In 1895 he was invited to the historic first film exhibition of the Brothers Lumière, in a Paris basement café. For Méliès, this was a new magic, the only magic.

Within two years he had filmed *The Vanishing Lady*, *The Haunted Castle*, *The Laboratory of Mephistopheles*, *Slave Trading in Harlem*, and his first literary adaptation—*Faust and Marguerite*—all in his garden at Montreuil. He designed a studio, and by 1900 had made 244 films, their average length being 65 feet, and the longest—*Arrest and Court Martial of Dreyfus*—715 feet. Méliès' aim was to mystify and astonish. His "magical, mystical and trick films" included *Black Ari*, *The Astronomer's Dream* or *The Man in the Moon*.

With *Cinderella* told in twenty tableaux, Méliès created the virtual blueprint for his later works—a fairy-tale or historical subject strung together with magical transformations, panoramas, dissolving effects, ballets, spectacular *mise en scène*, and comic interludes,



But for Hammer's magnificent *HORROR OF DRACULA* (1958), the outstanding masterpiece of filmic vampirism that stayed closest to Bram Stoker's original story (and which would still rate as a film classic either way) remains *NOSFERATU* (above). Starring the enigmatic Max Schreck in the featured role and made in Germany in 1922, it is still unique as a triumphant essay in filmic horror.



Considered a "lost" film classic (like *THE GHOUL*, *MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM* and *THE OLD DARK HOUSE*), there are still a few prints of the 1931 *DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE* known to have floated ambiguously around in the private collections of various film collectors. And there is still hope that a "master" negative will suddenly be officially used for the purpose of creating numerous copies for public enjoyment in the near future. Fredric March (above) also copped an Oscar for the part.

the whole occasionally toughened by reconstructions of battle, catastrophe and sudden death.

Commercially, Méliès experienced the peak of his success between 1900 and 1908, with *Join of Arc*, *A Trip to the Moon* (16 minutes), *The Kingdom of the Fairies*, *An Impossible Voyage*, *The Palace of the Arabian Nights* and *The Merry Frolics of Satan*. Thereafter, his career declined. He was outclassed by the big new companies (Pathé, Gaumont, Edison, Nordisk and Cinéa), and above all by the new techniques of rapidly progressing directors like Zecca, Ambrosio, Porter and Griffith.

His last masterpiece, *The Conquest of the Pole* (1912), was not a success, even though it contained some of the happiest features of Méliès' work. In this characteristic film, Professor Maboulouf and his colleagues encountered the Snow Giant, an enormous, icicle-haired monster which appeared from its lair beneath the North Pole. Seizing one of the explorers, it attempted to devour him. Bombardment compelled the monster to drop

its prey and sink frustrated beneath a glacier.

During his sixteen-year career, Méliès provided filmgoers with countless themes and characters destined to become perennial favourites—Faust, Cagliostro, Gulliver, Bluebeard, Robinson Crusoe and even Hamlet. The Snow Giant, too, was the first Abominable Snowman, the original film-ancestor of the one-eyed Polyphemus in *Ulysses*, and of Dutch Michael, the inimical wood-demon in East Germany's *The Cold Heart* (1950).

Méliès remains the cinema's only true magician. He has had, in the past fifty years, few rivals. The most handsome was Korda's *The Thief of Baghdad* (1941), the most misapplied Rex Ingram's giant genie in the same film, forced to waste his efforts on spiriting up fried sausages for Sabu. Dante, the Magician, put in an appearance for Fox's *A Haunting We Will Go*. Orson Welles sawed Dietrich in half in Universal's *Follow the Boys*, and played Cagliostro in that feeble magic-less effort, *Black Magic*. Today, the cinema's

"magicians" are nuns on desert islands, boxing and crooning priests, and cops in love with juvenile delinquents. Even the great Houdini, star of Paramount's *Terris Island* (1920), and other films, suffered an ignominious reincarnation in the person of Tony Curtis.

The end of the Méliès story is sad, in view of his incalculable service to the cinema. He was the only one of the pioneer producers not to make a fortune, and, in 1928, after several years of obscurity, a journalist discovered him selling toys and candy in a little kiosk at the Gare Montparnasse. He was given a banquet, publicised, and made a Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur in 1931. Two years later he was sent to the French Film Industry's Home for the Destitute and Aged, at Orly, where he died, still thinking of a come-back, in 1938.

Edwin S. Porter made a Méliès-type film for the Edison Company in 1906, called *The Dream of a Rarebit Fiend*. This was an extremely clever comedy—made more fluent and rhythmic than Méliès' films by Porter's



The CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI virtually revolutionized the young but already solidly established movie industry when it came out in 1919. Time has done little to take any of its resounding original storm and thunder away. Shown time and again all over the world by outstanding college and lay film societies, it is still being acclaimed as a brilliant masterpiece by a majority who see it for the first time even in an age of Cinemascope-Widescreen, & ad infinitum. The 1962 re-make (starring Dan O'Herlihy, below) had moments but was quite inferior.



superior knowledge of editing—which presented its hero's nightmare by means of a large number of tricks and devices: stop-motion photography, double exposure, painted backgrounds, masking, dissolves and miniatures. It took nine days to make, cost 350 dollars, was re-issued seven times, and made 30,000 dollars.

Fantasy became one of the most successful and imaginative branches of production, with the Germans taking undoubted precedence in the early twenties. Their pre-eminence is not surprising, in view of Germany's characteristic pre-occupation with myth, mysticism and the macabre.

By the end of the War, Germany had only two important production companies: Decla-Bioskop and UFA. The German market was still dominated by Denmark's Nordisk Company. During that archaic, pre-1918 period, seven German films were produced that fully signified the path German Cinema (and German history?) was to follow.

Split Personality

The first was *Der Andere* (*The Other*, 1912), directed by Max Mack. This was a Jekyll-and-Hyde story of a Berlin lawyer, Dr. Hallers (Albert Basserman's first film role), who smiles sceptically at the notion of split personality. Falling from his horse, he becomes victim to a growing compulsion to sleep, when he emerges as "the other". "The other" joins a burglar in an attempt to break into Hallers' own flat. The police arrest the burglar, his accomplice falls asleep, and awakes as Dr. Hallers. There is a happy ending. Although Hallers collapses on being identified as the burglar's partner, he eventually recovers and marries.

This revealing film would seem to intimate that the average German can easily fall prey to mental aberration, become an outcast, do wrong, but having the irrepressible hardihood of the respectable middle-class, he can cure himself and regain his place in society. It is worth mentioning that this story was re-told as a taktie (*Dr. Hallers*, starring Fritz Kortner) by Robert Wiene, in 1930.

The Student of Prague (1913), produced by and starring Paul Wegener, introduced a darker theme of duality and horror that was to obsess the German cinema for 25 years. Paul Wegener, referred to in a book by his colleague, Max Mack, as "a Reinhardt actor whose Mongolian face told of the strange visions that haunted him," was as enthralled by Cinema as Méliès; but, unlike the amiable Frenchman, his dreams were sinister and demoniacal. Having no experience in films, Wegener engaged a Danish director, Stellan Rye; and himself collaborated on the script with Hanns Heinz Ewers, a dubious sensationalist later to write Hitler's official screenplay on Horst Wessel.

Borrowing from Edgar Allan Poe, Hoffmann, and the Faust legend, Ewers and Wegener told the story of a poor student, Baldwin, who signs a contract with a sorcerer, Scapinelli. In return for Baldwin's mirror reflection, Scapinelli promises the youth endless wealth, and the love of a beautiful countess. In time the sorcerer lures the reflection from the mirror, and sends this phantom out to rival, harm and ruin its living double. When the desperate student finally shoots at his reflection, it is himself that falls and dies amid the shattered glass, as Scapinelli covers the corpse with the fragrances of the torn contract.

This film was re-made twice. Possibly its theme appealed to a duality the Germans were conscious of in themselves at the time. A simpler and less debatable consideration is that the story was undeniably gripping and thoroughly cinematic. The 1926 version, directed by Henrik Galeen, possessed a wild, dark beauty, an intensely dramatic spaciousness and drive, and a strong emotional effect in its subtle, half-moon lighting and formal pictorial composition. While Werner Krauss was a shade too theatrical as Scapinelli, Conrad Veidt gave one of his greatest per-



Through its use of brilliant Expressionist sets and designs and imaginative sense of perspective artistry, *CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI* forged new paths in filming that have been hard to surpass since 1919. Above, a scene with Paul Wegener as *THE GOLEM*, based on early Jewish folklore that antedates even Mary Shelley's somewhat similar *FRANKENSTEIN* (which is several centuries younger at least).

First Robot

While *The Other* and *The Student of Prague* were forerunners of the split and multiple personality stories, and *The Golem* was the cinema's first robot, *Homunculus* and *A Night of Horror* were forerunners of *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* respectively.

In *Homunculus* (1916), directed by Otto Rippert and starring Denmark's popular Olaf Fonss, a famous scientist generates in a retort an artificial man of powerful intellect and will. No sooner does this creature, *Homunculus*, learn the secret of his being, than—like the Golem—he degenerates from a lonely outcast to a destructive monster. Obsessed by hatred, he becomes dictator of a foreign land, inciting riots, bloodshed and, finally, world war—until a thunderbolt destroys him. In many respects his career foreshadows Hitler with remarkable accuracy.

A Night of Horror (1916), was spent among the "grey people" of superstition, and marked the debut of the director, Arthur Robison, and his two stars, Werner Krauss and Emil Jannings.

Paul Wegener was the guiding spirit of this exciting, formative period. A stage actor, from 1906 to 1912, as celebrated in France as he was in Germany, he must have been familiar with Méliès' films, and stirred above all by the possibilities explored in one of the last—*Les Hallucinations du Baron de Münchhausen* (1911). It was not until 1942 that the Germans made a film of the Baron's adventures, when the trick-work seemed largely mechanical. Long before then, however, after producing *The Student of Prague* and *The Golem*, Wegener was declaring at a 1916 Berlin film conference: "the camera is the only real poet of the cinema"—thereby predefining Cocteau's creed, "*l'art de la caméra comme du poète plume*," by thirty years.

Wegener's aim was to bring to the German screen, all the fantasy of a bewitched, Hoffmannesque world, more menacing than anything dreamed up by Méliès. Also, where the Frenchman's territory was largely pure fantasy, Wegener's was to be real in background (as in the modern sequences of the 1914 *Golem*), so that the unreal could detach itself from this background, and take on a malicious, wily existence of its own.


Two films of Wegener's, made in 1916, blended this wilful element of fantasy with a puzzled, frightened element of normality.

formances in the title role. The sound version was made by Arthur Robison in 1936, and starred Adolph Wohlbrück, better known today as Anton Walbrook. Although a more mannered, self-indulgent actor than Veidt, and given at times torodomontade, Walbrook, nevertheless, gave an electrifying performance: a *tour de force* he never again quite equalled.

Another admirable legend, *The Golem*, has been filmed five times. The first German version, made in 1914, was again produced and acted by Paul Wegener, with Henrik Galeen as writer, director and (in a small part) actor. The story is a mediaeval Jewish one, in which Rabbi Loew of Prague makes a clay statue, the Golem, and brings it to life by placing a magic sign on its heart. Centuries later, the statue is excavated by workmen and taken to an antique shop, where the miracle

recurs. By following directions in the Rabbi's ancient cabalistic volume, the Jewish antiquary turns the Golem into a robot servant. When the Golem falls in love with his master's daughter, thus changing into a human creature with a soul, and when the frightened girl flees from him, he is roused to bitter fury. Raging and destroying all things in his path, he finally falls from a tower, his corpse a shattered mass of clay.

The second version, made in 1920 by Wegener himself, enlarged the story, while keeping it in the fifteenth century throughout, and was notable for its dream-like settings. It had a remarkably well-handled sequence in which Rabbi Loew conjures up a procession of demons and spirits, including Ahasuerus, who starts to destroy the Hapsburg Emperor's palace.



Due to legal complications, Stoker's "Dracula" title was scrupulously avoided in the making of NOSFERATU and so were many of the names of people and locations in the novel. Above is Max Schreck as the notorious vampire greeting the young real estate agent (who would have been otherwise called "Renfield").

In *Rübezahls Marriage*, a Count, his family and his guests, picnic on land belonging to the phantom Giant of the Silesian Mountains. Crouched menacingly on a peak, watching these mortal trespassers, the phantom unlooses rain and tempest upon them. Eventually becoming the Count's steward, the phantom continues to play tricks on the guests, such as bringing a fish to life on the dining-table.

Camera Magic

In *Yogi*, Wegener used camera-magic, later to become familiar in *The Invisible Man*, such as footsteps made by some unseen being appearing in the sand, and drops of blood falling through the air from an invisible wound.

These seven films, from *The Other* to *Yogi*, enjoyed great success. Not only did they help to kill competition from the Danish film; they looked forward to the masterpieces Germany was yet to produce. Few of these, however, followed the path Wegener had taken, and those of two directors—Ernst Lubitsch and Robert Wiene—not at all.

Ernst Lubitsch, Germany's outstanding screen comedian, had starred in (or directed, and sometimes both) eighteen films since his debut in 1913, at the age of 21. Prevailed upon to abandon comedy for exotic spectacles made as vehicles for the Polish actress, Apollonia Chalupetz (Pola Negri), Lubitsch obliged with *The Eyes of the Mummy* (1918). In this film an Egyptian religious fanatic, Radu (Jannings), leaves his Pyramid tomb to pursue

Miss Negri half-way round the world. Attempting to drive her insane by popping up every so often as an apparition, then "vanishing," Radu finally frightens her to death, stabs himself, and the hero (Harry Liedtke) rushes out into the night yelling, "Too late!"

Carmen and *Madame du Barry* (both 1919) made Lubitsch, Pola Negri and Harry Liedtke famous. These successes were followed by a delicately suggestive and amusing little fantasy featuring Ossi Oswalda as *The Doll*, brought to life amid impressionistic sets made of paper. *Sinnurun* (1920) was an Arabian Nights tale with Pola Negri, Lubitsch, Wegener, Liedtke, Jenny Hasselqvist and Aud Egede Nissen. Although a tragic, heavy chronicle of love and corpses played out in bizarre settings, there were several characteristic comedy touches.

In *The Loves of Pharaoh* (1922) all the usual ingredients reappeared: a cruel and unloved tyrant (Jannings as Pharaoh Amenes), striking crowd scenes and sets, and oriental intrigue on an epic scale, ending in the lovers' death by stoning and the tyrant's death from "inner exhaustion." Lubitsch's fantasy, such as it was, stemmed generally from stylisation, unreality, insinuating whimsy, suggested horror and a sexual application of Germany's favoured "tyrant" theme. There was also a strong reliance on unusual sets.

In *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1919), the settings were far more startling, innovative and of supreme importance: they, and the equally distorted theme, were destined to give

the German cinema its identity and reputation for many years to come. Written by Carl Mayer and Hans Janowitz, produced by Erich Pommer, and directed by Dr. Robert Wiene (whose father had gone insane towards the end of his life), *Caligari* was the strange tale of a young man, Francis, who sees sinister portents in everything and everyone around him. As Francis sits on a park bench with an old man, a wide-eyed girl (Jane) walks past like an apparition. Explaining that she is his fiancée, Francis tells their terrible story in flash-back.

Caligari's Influence

In a fairground in their home town of Holstenwall, a weird, bespectacled old man in top hat, long white hair and black, flowing, phantom-like robes, advertises a side-show featuring a somnambulist, Cesare. The malevolent-looking stranger is Dr. Caligari. A reign of terror sweeps through the town. Murders are committed. Alan, Francis's student friend, visits the fair, where he is told by Cesare, in a trance, that he has only until dawn to live. Alan is stabbed to death that night. Convinced that Cesare, under Caligari's hypnotic influence, is the murderer, Francis spies on Caligari's caravan. He is persuaded that the black, stiff dummy lying in a coffin is Cesare. Meanwhile, the real Cesare, still in a trance, has broken into Jane's

(Continued on page 32)



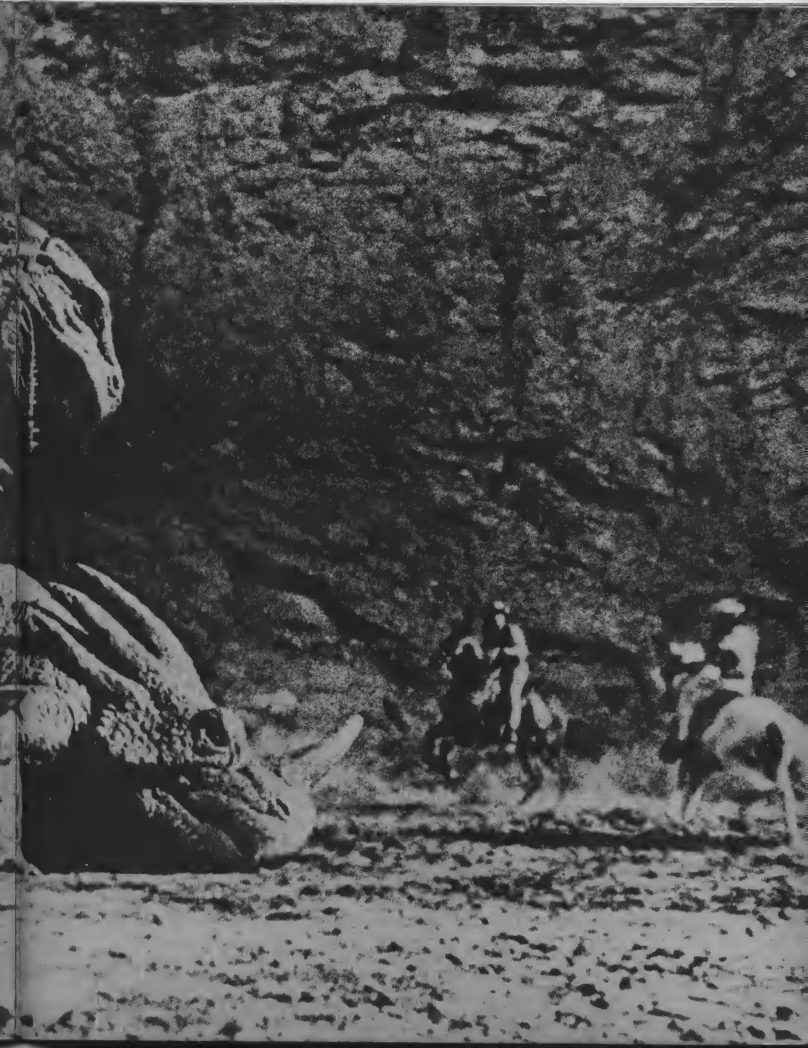
SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S ITEM PHOTO!:

Any history of SFanta-Horror films would be vastly incomplete without including Lon Chaney Sr. as one of its most important foundation points. For, when anyone dares ask, "Is this the face that launched a thousand films?", the question is almost rhetorical since the old Laemmle Universal studios were literally built by the built-in boxoffice success of Chaney's screen magnetism. From out of the legendary magic makeup box that was part of Chaney through the halcyon days of his career emerge some of the most prominent guises that went into a reputation that shall be, for all time, immediately recognized as the Chaney legend—the magical phrase: **THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES !!**

LON CHANEY
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.



Involved in abstract, perhaps even existential difference of opinion, the Gwangi is down on stegosaurus in this poetic interlude in VALLEY OF GWANGI (it doesn't star Zita Rodan).



FRANKENSTEIN

On the opposite page we see Frankenstein up to some nasty business in his laboratory—it's Peter Cushing portraying the body-mutilating Baron for the fifth time. Right: More nasty business in the laboratory which causes Anna (Veronica Carlson) to grab the nearest lethal-looking instrument and prepare to defend herself.



PETER CUSHING and
VERONICA CARLSON
starring in
"FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED"
a Hammer Film production



MUST BE DESTROYED!

Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed! is the fifth in the series to be made by Hammer, and it marks the fifth occasion on which the crazed scientist has been portrayed by our old friend Peter Cushing.

This time Frankenstein is experimenting in the transference of human brains, and he needs the help of a doctor called Brandt (George Pravda) who has done similar work. The fact that Brandt is now committed to an asylum doesn't deter the indefatigable Frankenstein who plans to kidnap him, cure his madness, then "pick his brains," so to speak.

To aid him in his nefarious business, Frankenstein enlists the services of two people under threat of blackmail. They are Holst (Simon Ward), a doctor at the asylum, and his girl friend Anna (Veronica Carlson) whom Frankenstein knows to be peddling drugs stolen from the asylum. Brandt is fatally wounded during his abduction, and Frankenstein decides that his brain must be transplanted into a healthy body before all is lost. For the body he looks again to the asylum . . .

There's all the usual blood-gushing, scalpel-wielding, electrodeflashing and corpse-walking we expect of a Frankenstein film before the Baron gets a taste of his own medicine. But is it really the end of Frankenstein?—has he really been destroyed? There has never yet been any act of man, nature or scriptwriter that has managed to keep him down for long and, as with the bad penny, the bad Baron keeps on turning up. The cinema would not be the same without him.

The same could be said of Dracula, another of Hammer's famous horror merchants, who was last seen impaled on a metal crucifix after falling over a precipice. But you can bet your life he'll come drooling back before long. One of his last victims was played by delightful blonde Veronica Carlson who now turns up in *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed!* for another helping of horror.

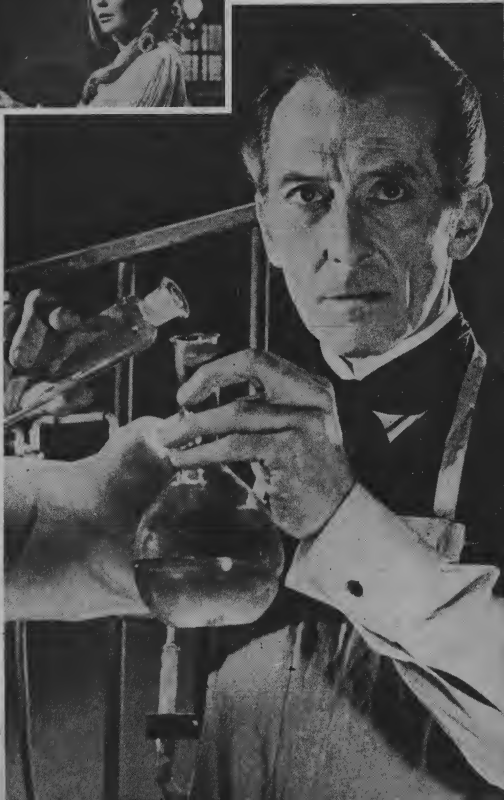
Make-up man Eddie Knight excelled himself on this film. His studio was a mass of dummy bodies and heads, and there were gallons of film blood in bottles around the room. "There's one thing," he said, "it doesn't put me off my food, and I'm as hungry as anything when I get home at night."

Says producer Tony Keys: "People thought we were mad years ago when we had Frankenstein doing heart and liver transplants. But that sort of thing is commonplace today. I wonder how long it will be before they start transferring brains in hospitals?"

BRIAN SWIFT

PREVIEW FEATURE:

Flown in by special carrion pigeon is this advance preview of Hammer Films' latest venture in the lives & times of our mentor, Baron Frankenstein. Read on and SCREAM !!



A Trail to the Universe



Sunkbaked Florida flatlands. A one-way road cut through tropical greens, spinning off some miles from the venerable U.S. 1 along the curve of the thin peninsula called Cape Kennedy. You are stopped at the massive press gates and show your clearance from Washington. The badge you get has the NASA seal, an orbiting universe, and the words KSC NEWS CENTER/JOHN F. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER on the front, and a warning (US Government Property, issued for official use until completion of operation. . .) on the back. Through the gates, another world. Miles of flat earth, carefully landscaped, crossed with good roads stretching straight to the horizon, bordered but not crowded with low, long buildings, functional but oddly futuristic-looking. This was it. Here—at this place, not New York or London or Moscow—this is where the most important events of our century were about to take place. "A major goal of NASA's Apollo program is a manned space flight to the moon, exploration of the lunar surface and a safe return of the astronauts before the end of this decade. . ."

And I had seen it all before. . . In so many films, and with so clear a vision. Melles had reached up for the spirit of it in the earliest films ever exhibited; and the very launching of the immortal Fritz Lang's *FRAU IM MOND* (*The Girl In The Moon*) was an astonishingly prophetic blast-off—and in a silent era film! Morris Ankrum in the beginning of *ROCKET-*

SHIP XM hopes "the successful lunar expedition will be the first step to practical interplanetary travel."

While man has dreamed about reaching for the moon, for outer space since man first began to dream, the *SFilm* has dreamed it all best. . .

* * *

The Press Building swarms with activity, coffee in paper cups, hurried lunches from a mobile dispensary—and another security check. CoF gets no raised eyebrows here. This bunch knows the mags which kept alive the belief in space flight fiercely nourished and burning during the lean years. A NASA official takes us, along with a stunning lady editor from a German magazine, on a day-long tour by private car around the Cape, so close to the citrus fields and sleepy beaches of South Brevard County. And the gateway to the moon.

* * *

I see the pastel-colored spacenuits of the astronauts heading for their *DESTINATION MOON*, in their George Pal spaceship in a Chesley Bonestell universe. Zarkov, in the first Sunday page of *FLASH GORDON* way back in 1934 declares: "I intend to shoot this rocket off the comet which threatens the Earth!" Countdowns echo against countdowns across a dozen films and more. . .

Our guide points to a cube against the flat horizon. The cube swells as we drive closer, but it is the Vehicle Assembly Building where the Apollo spacecraft are put together, and it is the largest building in the world. It is so large that the Empire State Building can be stuffed inside with room for more. It is so immense that across its level roof, the size of a football stadium, the wind always whips and screams, and one can see as far as Indian River far up the Florida coast.

The machines of Metropolis! The machines of the Krells of *FORBIDDEN PLANET*

The machines of the Vehicle Assembly building. Here three immense rockets are being erected simultaneously, on gleaming levels, connected by elevated platforms moving upward as far as the neck can crane. You see the immense engine housing that will thrust a landing on the moon's surface. You touch the cold metal. . . and you hope, crazily, that the oil from your fingers, your prints, a minute particle of yourself, can go on that thunderous journey. . .

Next to the Vehicle Assembly Building, like a small brother, is the Launch Control Center. This four-story building, where the final countdowns are conducted, is a massive electronic brain. The vast firing rooms—as large as school auditoriums—have almost five hundred control monitors apiece, and beneath them on another floor are telemetry, radio, tracking, instrumen-

While man has dreamed about reaching for the moon, for outer space since man first began to dream, the SF film has dreamed it all best. . .



tation, data reduction and evaluation equipment. Across one entire wall stretches a bulletin board on which I saw tentative launching plans going as far ahead as the Apollo 11 moonlanding.

There are about a thousand technicians in this building, and a thousand computers, such as IBM's System/360 and Sperry-Rand's UNIVAC in the Apollo tracking network can handle over 20 trillion (20,000,000,000,000) bits of data!

The V.A.B., for obvious reasons, is some four miles beyond the impact line of the "Bird"—the launch pad itself. After the rocket is constructed, it is brought to the launch site on an incredible trawler (on which it is actually built)... a hulking low tractor straight out of the LAND OF THE GIANTS, weighing six million tons! (Each clet of its four wheels weighs a ton apiece.) We drove along the massive tracks of the crawler to the launch site. We drove straight up to the launch tower itself.

Gemini, Titan, Saturn, Apollo, Gordon, Rogers, Glenn, McDowell, Scott, Schweickart, Countdown. Lift-off. The dream was here, even

in Jules Verne's day. In FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON President Barbicane of the Gun Club knew his immense rocket-cannon must be fired "perpendicularly to the plane of the horizon"—from Florida! "We cannot do better than sink our Columbiad here."

And how right he was.

Surprisingly, quite close to the big Bird Pad, real wildlife—egrets, ducks, white storks—live quite happily unaffected by blasts or lumbering trucks. We were lucky enough to meet the nine members of the astronaut rescue team—the nine men closest to the astronauts during critical lift-up time. They showed us the slide-wire gondola on which, hopefully, the spacemen could exit from a ship in trouble on the launch pad. There is also a drop to a "rubber room" deep in the bowels of the site itself. These emergencies have yet to be tried, except in practice.

The rest of the day was spent exploring the abandoned Kennedy Air Force Base next to the Space Center—ten miles of old Saturn I series launch towers standing sentinel, awaiting use in

manned orbital programs to come.

That day, the three decades between us and 2001 seemed hardly any time at all. Beyond Jupiter? Moon colonies? Listen, you can hold your breath. It's coming; it's all coming. And the place it's coming from is here. Cape Kennedy, USA.

And it's coming soon

"Tomorrow, man will reach the stars. The day after, he will go beyond the stars. Out there he will meet our destiny, in a journey that has already begun. A new great age of exploration that will transform us into a new species, that is already having far-reaching effect and is just starting—no longer the mere children of earth but the spawn of space. An age of space already begun.

And as I watched, the Florida sun descended on those skeletal towers and ignited the sky with fire.

—Chris Steinbrunner— 39

STAR TREK DEBATE

Instead of Ghostal Mail this issue, we're running instead just one letter—but a highly unusual and articulate letter by a very interesting reader of CoF. And, of course, we engage in direct rebuttal, making this into somewhat of a torrid "debate" regarding various pros and cons anent STAR TREK for the most part (plus some jabs & pans at the rest of the TVideo scene).



STAR TREK BRIC-BAT

Dear Editors:

Let me express my views of many when I say that it is with genuine relief and satisfaction when one sees one of your magazines out on the stands. Your quality is unflagging, never lax and slovenly. And all of it for 35¢! Unbelievable.

In reference to issue #11, I believe, I think you were a little out of line in your over-exaggeration on the behalf of Star Trek. I'm sure Gene Roddenberry would have loved you for it. However, Star Trek is not infallible, perfect and exceptional as you would have us think it is. This can be readily observed by just watching the show. I saw nothing then and I see nothing now that entitles this show to the compliment Cal Beck lavished on it, quote "Star Trek is the best dramatic T.V. series ever made!" This above all made me the angriest. Star Trek has yet to make itself worthy of such a fatuous overstatement. In fact, some of the episodes aired so far have made me seriously wonder about the justification of giving this show its "dramatic" license in the first place. It is lousy with clichés and lack of creativity, and hasn't presented over 3 truly dramatic teleplays in its long run. For example, what glowing originality to call the ship's doctor "Bones" and the Scottish 2nd mate "Scotty." And how about the episode that presented us with a ridiculous heap of glittering sponge rubber which kept lifting around the edges that skittered around burning tunnels in a mining area with gay abandon until we learn, not to our surprise, that it is just a poor misunderstood mother trying to protect her silicon eggs. Oh my God! And when that hack actor De Forest Kelley puts it back together with concrete after its loser wounds, I about fell off my chair. And if this show weren't bad enough, how about that doozy where 9-year old Clint Howard (poor hamely little kid) was presented as the imperial ruler of a planet with no subjects, with an adult's voice horribly dubbed in to further emphasize what a freak he was. I think the producers expected you to believe that he was an adult, but with that soft little face bulging with baby fat the credibility was somewhat strained.

The makeup is beyond belief, it is so very bad. They had to call in another makeup artist, John Chambers (of Outer Limits and 20th Century-Fox's Planet of the Apes), just to create Mr. Spock's popular ears. The rest of the cosmetic work is just terrible. For monsters, dime-store masks are used with regularity. Scars are created with a slathering of latex rubber over a layer of tissue, singularly unconvincing. When Spock finally visited Vulcan, you could've sincerely wished that he hadn't. The makeup, representing the Vulcan populace, was abominable beyond belief, and the art direction was just terrible . . . just terrible. All you could see was a monotonous, grayish backdrop and scattered about were some fabricated pillars and rocks whose sloppy glossy surfaces instantly revealed them as sprayed plastic, which is used with cheap regularity on this show. The drama itself was downright embarrassing, and really did a lot for romance with all that crap about mating without love, because it is all handled so logically and sensibly, and so on. I knew all that foolishness about Spock's emotionless qualities would bring the show down one of these days; more so than



Shatner, De Forest Kelley & scene stealer Grace Lee Whitney. Below: Shatner battling Gary Lockwood in "Where No Man Has Gone Before."



usual, I mean. The spaceship, or, if you prefer, starship, is regrettably lacking in grace and sleek beauty, but is very very impressive, to say the least. But the interiors are disgustingly bad. I don't know who the art director is who works on this show, but he is disturbingly without talent. Interiors such as these went out with *Commando Cody* and *Flash Gordon* serials, whose spaceship interiors are to be excused by the fact that they were designed in the Forties, with small budgets. But here we are in the Sixties, with talented designers crawling all over Hollywood (the gentlemen who work on 20th-Fox's science-fiction programs are contrastingly great—take the defunct *Time Tunnel* complex, the *Seaview* sub, and *Lost in Space*'s original ship, not to mention the dazzling *Bat Cave*). However, I must admit that the shows to which these belong stink to high heaven.)

Well, I've spent enough time blasting this show. But I hope I've showed you that *Star Trek* is considerably more guilty for the lack of "standards of excellence it could have obtained, but never did," the osinine commentary you flipped off dismissing such fine, lost shows as *Twilight Zone* and *Outer Limits*. If you can honestly rate *Star Trek* as better than either of these, then I rather pity your lack of depth. It seems therefore that you're more impressed by schlick and schmaltz rather than intellectual drama with something solid to say. *Rad Serling* could throw off a social comment with the most beautiful, simple, and subtle finesse that dynamically drove home a point. *Outer Limits'* observations of the nature of man to things with which he is unfamiliar were remarkably good, showing that man will more frequently react with terror than with understanding. *Twilight Zone*

had makeup master William Tuttle, who created grotesqueries for the show that were unequalled in the annals of T.V. makeup, rivalled only by New York's great Dick Smith. *Outer Limits* was fortunate enough to have John Chambers on call to do their massive prosthetic chores necessary for changing actors into wholly believable mutants, interstellar beings, or men of the far future. And *Limits'* special effect team could not be easily equalled in terms of talent and energy, consisting of the big four who've contributed so much to *George Pal* among others: Tim Barr, Gene Warren, Wolf Chang and Jim Danforth, associated with *Projects Unlimited*. The 1st three gentlemen received Academy Awards for the unbelievable visual work for *Geo. Pal's The Time Machine* (with Wm. Tuttle makeups), while Danforth was up for one for his work for *7 Faces of Dr. Lao*, also for *Pal*, for which Wm. Tuttle snagged an honorary Oscar for his makeups.

Getting back to my subject, *Star Trek* remains a fine show. It has many credits that help upset its detractors, William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy and its fine special effects among them. If they do anything to aid their failing makeup, art direction and musical scoring depts., they would be in great shape.

And they need a lot better material coming out of the script departments. I am not impressed by the fact that many of the scripts were written by topflight sci-fi writers; I am only interested in whether they are good or bad, and so far too many have been discouragingly in-between—just fair. Well, the show is having the honor of enjoying some of the most overwhelming popularity given a sci-fi program since *Twilight Zone*—it has a definitely secure future; I hope it makes it an entertaining one.

As usual, loved your magazine's layout.



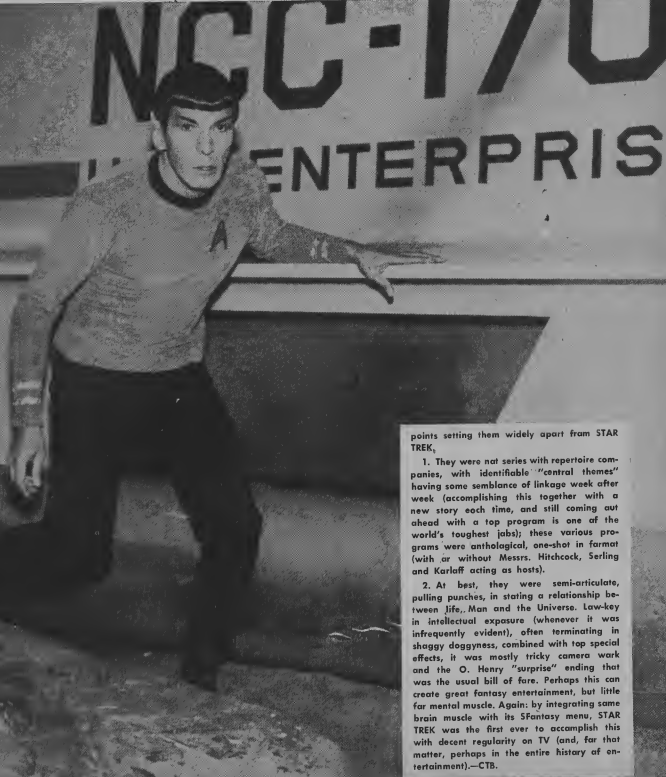
Let's see some stuff on Harryhausen's films. Speaking of the new Dean of Special Visual Effects after O'Brien, let's have something on him . . . I mean just on him. You've mentioned him frequently, but not given him the article and recognition he deserves in return for all the joy he's caused fantasy lovers for his inconceivably good work, which sparkles with a magic unique to him. Thanks for the back cover photo of his latest dinosaur. Although Hammer's One Million Years B. C. (all the papers still listed it One Million B. C.) stunk by itself, his effects were still the finest.

Very Sincerely,
Craig Reardon,
Inglewood, Calif.

11B29 Christopher

● Of course, since the STAR TREK endorsement appeared (CoF. #11), THE PRISONER may well be the "best." (Too bad only 17 episodes were made, though rumor hath it that Pat McGeehan is being induced into doing more.) What ST initially created, which no other SFantasy TV series ever approached as well, was entertainment combined with some incisive intellectual stimulation. (Admittedly, the series fell down during the 2nd season, doesn't appear more promising during the 3rd, and some of its quality seems disappointingly similar to the adventures aboard the Seaview with the boys from VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM, etc.) Granted that sets and makeup, as you point out, are a very

vital, interesting part of filmmaking's creative process, story quality counts even more with the cognoscenti. If not, how then can you account for the fact that Shakespeare is dynamic, immortal, majestic whether they play him in modern dress (a la Welles' lamented Mercury Theater of the Thirties) or in a public park; sure, the whole set-up looks vibrantly apulent when they can back it up with several million dollars or more and make a wide-screen movie out of it. But herein is a case, purely and simply, of the message being the medium! Again, granted that TWILIGHT ZONE, THRILLER, OUTER LIMITS and even some of HITCHCOCK was excellent in comparison with general TV quality, all had two



points setting them widely apart from STAR TREK.

1. They were not series with repertoire companies, with identifiable "central themes" having some semblance of linkage week after week (accomplishing this together with a new story each time, and still coming out ahead with a top program is one of the world's toughest jobs); these various programs were anthological, one-shot in format (with or without Messrs. Hitchcock, Serling and Karloff acting as hosts).

2. At best, they were semi-articulate, pulling punches, in stating a relationship between life, Man and the Universe. Low-key in intellectual exposure (whenever it was infrequently evident), often terminating in shaggy doggyness, combined with top special effects, it was mostly tricky camera work and the O. Henry "surprise" ending that was the usual bill of fare. Perhaps this can create great fantasy entertainment, but little far mental muscle. Again: by integrating same brain muscle with its SFantasy menu, STAR TREK was the first ever to accomplish this with decent regularity on TV (and, for that matter, perhaps in the entire history of entertainment).—CTB.

Lin Carter Looks at Books

THE BEST BOOKS OF 1968

FANTASY AND HORROR

Some fine old yarns got into print again during the year, and there were as always a few newcomers. C.S. Cody's brilliant horror novel **THE WITCHING NIGHT** was revived by Lancer at 60 cents and Ace Books brought out the first effort of a new writer of great promise:

Leslie H. Whitten, with a marvelous modern-scene vampire novel called **PROGENY OF THE ADDE** at 60¢. Arkham House published a little-known novel by horror master Arthur Machen for the first time in this country: **THE GREEN ROUND**, \$3.75. Arkham also issued the 2nd volume of H.P. Lovecraft's **SELECTED LETTERS** at \$7.50. Dell Books brought out again the 1967 classic **ROSEMARY'S BABY** by Ira Levin for 95¢ (and it's not to be missed!). Neither to be overlooked is **CARPATHIAN CASTLE** from Ace Books at 60¢—and this one's a real curiosity: Jules Verne's attempt at writing a **DRACULA**! But the liveliest addition to the horror bookshelf that emerged in '68 was a brilliant new collection called **HAUNTINGS**, edited by veteran SFantasy buff Henry Mazzoe and sumptuously illustrated by Edward Gorey. This "first" anthology offers some hard-to-get and little-known stories by masters of the supernatural genre.

SWORD & SORCERY

It was a perfectly splendid year for the scrocerous swashbucklers! Fritz Leiber's famous tales of Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser began appearing from Ace Books at 60¢ each, starting with **THE SWORDS OF LANKHMAR**, then **SWORDS AGAINST WIZARDRY**, and finally **SWORDS IN THE MIST**. And there's more to come!

Paperback Library brought out the remarkable "Cija of Atlantis" trilogy by English gal fictioneer Jane Gaskell. Don't miss 'em: **ATLAN**, and **THE SERPENT**, and **THE CASTLE**, each 95¢.

(I might also, with due modesty, call your attention to two of my own Sword & Sorcery novels published by Paperback Library in '68: **THONGOR IN THE CITY OF MAGICIANS** and **THONGOR AT THE END OF TIME**, both 60¢ each.)

Both L. Sprague de Camp's **THE TRITONIAN RING** (Paperback Library, 60¢) and Fletcher Pratt's **THE WELL OF THE UNICORN** (Lancer, 75¢) came out for the first time in paperback. Lancer's sales record-smashing "Conan" series continued with several new volumes this year, most interesting indeed being the two novels, **CONAN THE AVENGER** by Bjorn Nyberg and L. Sprague de Camp, which had previously only been in hardcover, and **CONAN OF THE ISLES**, by de Camp and Lin Carter, which was brand new. (Both 60¢ each.)

But the most delightful surprise of the year was John Jakes' **BRAK THE BARBARIAN** (Avon, 60¢), the first collection of tales about this wandering adventurer and his strange world of magic and terror. Great!

THE OLD PULP HEROES

This year Ace Books launched a wonderful series of Jules Verne reprints, starting off with some of his least-known titles like **THE VILLAGE IN THE TREETOES** and **THE HUNT FOR THE METEOR** and a two-part novel made up of **THE CITY IN THE SAHARA** and **INTO THE NIGER BEND** (all at 60¢), and others. Well worth your attention.

The hardest-to-find of all the Fu Manchu books by Sax Rohmer was reissued by Pyramid: **RE-ENTER FU MANCHU** (60¢) and Ace

brought Edgar Rice Burroughs' **THE OUTLAW OF TORN** into paperback for the first time at 75¢. Avon continued their Talbot Mundy reprints with some marvelous adventure novels about magic and mystery in Tibet and India—and I heartily recommend them to you. Especially **JIMGRIM** (75¢) and **THE DEVIL'S GUARD** (75¢).

SWASHBUCKLING ADVENTURE

All of Robert E. Howard's "Solomon Kane" series got into hardcovers at last, in **RED SHADOWS** (Grandon, \$6.00), and great reading entertainment it was, especially with those beautiful full-color illustrations by Jeff Jones. Lancer also brought out some of Howard's swashbuckling adventure yarns in **WOLFSHEAD** (60¢) with a fine Frazetta cover. And don't miss **THE DRAGON ON THE ISHTAR GATE** by L. Sprague de Camp (Lancer, 95¢), a thrilling saga of adventure that starts in the ancient palaces of imperial Babylon and carries you all the way into the depths of darkest Africa in quest of a real live dragon.

SCIENCE FICTION

Ace Books reissued two of Andre Norton's earlier and lesser known SF adventures, **WOODOO PLANET** and **STAR HUNTER** as one book for 50¢. Arthur C. Clarke's novelization of his and Stanley Kubrick's screenplay, 2001: **A SPACE ODYSSEY** appeared at \$4.95 from New American Library, but you can get the same thing in paperback from Signet at only 95¢. And let me call your attention to a very strange novel by SF writer Jim Blish called **BLACK EASTER** (Doubleday, \$3.95) which blends black magic and demonology with science fiction and produces some entertaining ideas.

RADIO-TV and MOVIES

The nicest thing that happened all year, as far as old-time radio show buffs were concerned, was Jim Harmon's thoroughly pleasurable book, **THE GREAT RADIO HEROES** (Ace, 75¢). Enthusiasts of tv's "Star Trek" must have enjoyed Jim Blish's **STAR TREK 2** (Bantam, 50¢), more tv scripts turned into smooth-reading short stories. But as far as the rest of us were concerned, simply nothing in the world could have been more delightful than Gabe Essoe's **TARZAN OF THE MOVIES** (Citadel Press, \$8.95), with all those hundreds of memorable stills. That, boys and girls, was the book of the year as far as I am concerned!

The Coveted CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN Scroll For 1968 Goes To:

John Jakes for the best Sword & Sorcery of the year in his **BRAK THE BARBARIAN** (Avon Books).

Henry Mazzoe for the best volume of supernatural horror of the year with his **HAUNTINGS** (Doubleday).

Ace Books' Jules Verne reprint series as the liveliest revival of the year.

Gabe Essoe for his **TARZAN OF THE MOVIES** (Citadel Press) for the finest contribution to the literature of the silver screen published in 1968.

Cheers!

— Lin Carter —

THE SLAYED ONE'S SLAYMATE OF The Month Dept.

First coming into prominence in Hammer's ONE MILLION B.C., Marlene Dietrich went on to arouse even greater feeling among audiences in PREHISTORIC WOMEN.





It almost seems that more than a hundred and fifty films with Eddie Constantine (seen above greeting the gals in "There's Going To Be A Party") were made in France that had him as star of the "Lemmy Caution" series—and if it's not 150, it's at least several score perhaps. Playing Caution again (in a specially directed production) under the directorial genius of Jean-Luc Godard, Constantine won international acclaim and recognition in the SF-epic ALPHAVILLE (inspired by Orson Welles' work, particularly THE TRIAL). Many Constantine films are available to TV now and have been frequently seen.

Way back years ago, Hammer realized that sex & horror were box office dynamite, but only in the last several years has this studio decided on pulling out a few more stops. Seen here is Susan Deuberg as Dr. Frankenstein's (also known as Peter Cushing) latest important experiment in FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN (though that should be plural judging by Hammer's latest "Franky" film highlighted elsewhere in this issue).



FRANKENSTEIN TV

movieguide

The "Frank TV Movieguide" isn't the usual place for an editorial; but since we did state in the last issue that the M listings would also go in this time... Well, the "Headitorial" this issue explains what happened, i.e. the death of our leader, Boris Karloff. As it stands, the L list turned out more massive than anything expected (the M's are at least as big and will be run in their entirety next issue). Incidentally, there's a feeling that this department's title is a misnomer— for, as if you didn't already suspect all the time, what we've been turning out is an SFantaFilm & Imagi-Movie Checklist. Sometime, in the not so distant future, revisions, additions and other ingredients will be entered—in other words, this settles any doubts about what happens after passing the letter Z. So keep your records neat and scissors sharp.

LADY IN THE LAKE (103 min.—MGM—1947). Robert Montgomery's famous experimental thriller; private investigator Philip Marlowe cracks a typical case of murder. Exploitation of subjective camera technique makes unusual viewing, but idea remains merely a gimmick due to mundane nature of story and predictably bad Montgomery acting "style." Technique was used to much better advantage in James Watson's 1928 *Fell of the House of Usher*. Well played by Montgomery, Audrey Totter, Lloyd Nolan, Leon Ames, Joanne Meadows, Tom Tully.

LADY VANISHES, *THE* (80 min.—Gumont—1938). This Alfred Hitchcock spy thriller about disappearance aboard train in Balkans won the 1938 New York Film Critics Award for Best Direction. Now rather dated, though still smooth and gripping, with a few nice comedy scenes. Climax also a little obvious. Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, Margaret Lockwood, Google Withers.

LADYBUG, LADYBUG (81 min.—UA—1963). Underrated little anti-bomb drama may look better on TV, since plot flaws magnified on theater screen may be overlooked. Nuclear alarm goes off in isolated country school, and children are sent home in fear of atomic attack. Based on actual incident during 1962 Cuban Crisis. Fascinating film hampered by very low budget. Christopher Howard, Marilyn Rogers, Doug Chaplin, William Daniels.

LAND UNKNOWN, *THE* (78 min.—Univ—1956). Familiar but neat little sf adventure. Shows polar expedition discovers spot unchanged since prehistoric times. More special-effects than plot but good enough, since stop-motion work is competent. Jack Mohoney, Shawn Smith, William Reynolds.

LAST MAN ON EARTH, *THE* (86 min.—Assoc. Prod.-AIP—1964). Grim, only occasionally effective Italian-U.S. co-production of Richard Matheson's *I Am Legend*, hurt by mediocre photography, dubbing and sets. Coreless, hasty production fairly faithful to book's plot. Scientist fights nightly battle with vampiric creatures after worldwide plague. Disappointing because Matheson's superb novel had for more potential, but picture has a few nice moments and interesting ending, and is nowhere quite the dog most fans have made it out to be. Vincent Price, Franco Bello, Emma Danielli. CinemaScope.

LAST WOMAN ON EARTH, *THE* (71 min.—Filmgroup—1960). Rather weak drama shows

aftermath of atomic war. Begins very well but runs down into usual triangle-story as Betsy Jones-Moreland causes rivalry between Anthony Corbano and Edward Wain. A few good moments nevertheless, with good photography. Filmed in Puerto Rico by Roger Corman, Color.

LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (94 min.—Astor—1952). Alain Renais and Alain Robbe-Grillet imperiled with nature, time and film to produce this controversial and convoluted masterpiece. An enigmatic exercise in perception. Winner of the Golden Lion at Venice Film Festival. Delphine Seyrig, Giorgio Albertazzi, Sacha Pitoeff.

LAURA (86 min.—Fox—1944). Otto Preminger mystery classic shows its age (although the recent TV version certainly was no improvement). Beautiful girl everyone thinks dead and missing shows up, shocking her lover, particularly the "murderer." Winner of the 1944 Best Cinematography Oscar. Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Dana Andrews, Vincent Price.

LEDA (101 min.—Hakim—1961). Released to television as *Web of Passion*. Claude Chabrol's homage to Hitchcock shows a slow and intense situation which builds toward murder. Brilliant climax. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Antonella Louidi, Madeleine Robinson, Jacques Dacqune. Color.

LEECH WOMAN, *THE* (77 min.—Univ—1960). Lurid grade-B nonsense about woman who must kill men to keep eternally young. Okay make-up effects but otherwise mediocre. Calen Gray, Grant Williams, Philip Terry, Gloria Talbott.

LEOPARD MAN, *THE* (59 min.—RKO—1943). Excellent chiller produced by Val Lewton from story by Cornell Woolrich. Black panther on the loose in small Mexican village is linked with wave of animal-like killings. Despite meaningless title, this suspenseful minor classic is not to be missed. Directed by Jacques Tourneur. Dennis O'Keefe, Jean Brooks, Margo, James Bell.

LES MISERABLES (109 min.—Fox—1935). Victor Hugo classic, familiar today to televisioners as "The Fugitive." Excellent performances. Fredric March, Charles Laughton, John Boal, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Rochelle Hudson.

LES MISERABLES (110 min.—IFE—1943). Italian version is weakest of the three. Gino Cervi, Valentino Cortese.

LES MISERABLES (104 min.—Fox—1932). The Fox remake was named one of the 10 best of '32 by the National Board of Review. Michael Rennie, Robert Newton, Debra Paget, Edmund Gwenn.

LET'S LIVE AGAIN (67 min.—Fox—1948). Grade-B comedy, scientist believes his brother is reincarnated as a dog. The late John Emery is good, as usual, with Hillary Brooke, Diana Douglas.

LICENSE TO KILL (90 min.—4 Star—1964). French-made spy epic featuring Eddie Constantine as Nick Carter is minor but entertaining. Paul Frankeur, Daphne Doyle, Charles Belmont.

LIFEBEAT (76 min.—Fox—1944). Tense, suspense-filled stagey Hitchcock drama about shipwreck survivors (with conflicting personalities) crowded together on lifeboat. Excellent performances. Tallulah Bankhead won a New York Film Critics Award for Best Female Performance. John Hodiak, William Bendix, Walter Slezak, Henry Hull, Hume Cronyn, Heather Angel.

LIL ABNER (71 min.—RKO—1940). Milton Berle produced this non-musical comedy featuring Al Capp's characters. Re-released theatrically in 1950, it now seems to be withdrawn from circulation, but we remember it with fondness. Morlio O'Driscoll, Granville Owen.

LIL ABNER (113 min.—Por—1959). Film of the Broadway hit has Dogpatch selected as A-bomb testing area. Good but lacks the uninhibited zany of the 1940 film. Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, Stubby Kaye, Julie Newmar. Color.

LILITH (115 min.—Col—1964). The late director Robert Rossen said of this, his last film: "I have attempted to give a glimpse of what love is by showing love in its most exaggerated sense." Very uneven, but several near-brilliant moments of offbeat adult psychological drama from J. R. Solamance novel. What a great film it may have been had it remained faithful to the book! Beautiful mental patient compelled to love anyone who interests her, man, woman or child. Beautifully photographed, well-played. Jean Seberg, Warren Beatty, Kim Hunter, Peter Fonda, Gene Hackman.

LIPSTICK (89 min.—NBC—1963). Teen-ager can't get police to believe that she has uncovered a murder. Minor French mystery. Georgio Moll, Pierre Brice, Bella Darvi.

THE LOST WORLD

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD (67 min.—Murray—1946). Unimaginative encounter with goblins, haunted forest and other nonsense. Maria Gracia. ColorScope.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AND HER FRIENDS. An even worse sequel with a fairy princess and enchanted kingdom. Maria Gracia. ColorScope.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD VS. THE MONSTERS (90 min.—Calderon/AIP—1965). Depressingly unimaginative combination fantasy-horror-fairy tale for children, made in Mexico as part of an equally wretched series. Crude, inept, magic-less botch; send the kids out to play. ColorScope.

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS, THE (70 min.—Filmgrip—1960). Third in Roger Corman's black-comedy trio (also *Bucket of Blood*, *Creature from the Haunted Sea*). Very inventive, resourceful and darn funny self-parodying spoof about a man-eating plant in a Brooklyn flower shop. Kinky, full of in-jokes, good lines, keen fun. This is the legendary Corman effort filmed in 2½ days—and astonishingly smooth-looking! See it. Jonathan Haze, Jackie Joseph, Mel Welles, Richard Miller and others in the Corman Stock Company.

LITTLEST ANGEL, THE (90 min.—Murray—1960). Another K. Gordon Murray bomb, this one about a cow that needs an angel's help to start giving milk. Hugh Downs narrates. Maria Gracia. ColorScope.

LITTLEST WARRIOR, THE (70 min.—Signal—1962). Juvenile cartoon feature based on an ancient Japanese fairy-tale. Color.

LIVING GHOST, THE (61 min.—Mona—1942). U.S. programmer; madman operates on brain of businessman and destroys his sanity. Time-killer. James Dunn, Joan Woodbury, Paul McVey, Vera Gordon.

LIVING HEAD, THE (75 min.—Asteca—1963). Head of entombed Aztec warrior, disturbed by archeologist, causes horrors. Abel Salazar, Rosita Arenas, Ana Luisa Peluffo.

LIZZIE (81 min.—MGM—1957). Shirley Jackson's "The Bird Nest" is the source for this excellent split-personality psychological drama. Critically ignored, unfortunately, because it was released the same year as *Three Faces of Eve*. Terrific performance by Eleanor Parker. Richard Boone, Joan Blondell.

LOCH NESS MONSTER, THE (74 min.—Eros—1951). Also called *Secret of the Loch*. Minar British thriller; the legendary creature of the Loch causes mystery and fear in coastal town. Sir Seymour Hicks, Rosamund John.

LODGER, THE (84 min.—Fax—1944). Laird

Cregar is memorable in Marie Belloc Lowndes' study of Jack the Ripper, brought to the screen in suspenseful, neatly directed (John Brahm) production. Good support from Marie Oberon, George Sanders, Cedric Hardwicke. **LORD OF THE FLIES** (90 min.—Two Arts—1961). Dark, powerful, occasionally brilliant adventure-horror fable from shaker by William Golding. British schoolboys, evacuated in WWII, are marooned on tropical island and revert to savagery. Despite erratic moments, this is a stunning spine-chiller with inescapable moral significance. Much was improvised by non-professional cast. Directed by Peter Brook. James Aubrey, Hugh Edwards, Tom Chaplin.

LOST CONTINENT (86 min.—Lippert—1951). Fairly well-produced juvenile thriller; scientists searching for lost missile come upon plateau which time forgot. Usual "lost-world" plot receives good treatment with stop-motion effects. Originally the prehistoric sequences were tinted green. Cesar Romero, John Hayt, Millary Brooke, Hugh Beaumont, Whit Bissell, Acquafredda.

LOST HORIZON (110 min.—Cal—1937). Engrossing, excellent adaptation of James Hilton novel. Plane downed in Tibet near Shangri-La, utopia every man has dreamed of where no one grows old. Original version ran 130 minutes, but only hacked-up abbreviated reissue version is available to TV; yet great film still captures the imagination. Two Academy Awards. Directed by Frank Capra. Fine cast includes Ronald Colman, Thomas Mitchell, Jane Wyatt, John Howard, H. B. Warner, Edward Everett Horton, Sam Jaffe.

LOST IN THE STRATOSPHERE (64 min.—Mona—1934). Thirties-style sf, seldom-seen. Army pilots go out of control as they head toward outer space. William Cagney, Eddie Nugent.

LOST ISLAND OF KIOGA (100 min.—Rep—1938-66). Feature version of 1938 serial, *Hawk of the Wilderness*. Scientist is shipwrecked on unknown island where he meets Kioga, the Hawk. Bruce Bennett stars in this film under the name Herman Brix.

LOST MISSILE, THE (70 min.—UA—1959). Fair grade-B sf; New York City dooms by radioactive missile of unknown origin. Story had potential, but film is mostly interesting for depiction of missile-tracking and defense methods. Robert Loggia, Ellen Drew, Larry Kerr.

LOST PLANET AIRMEN (65 min.—Rep—1951). Hacked-up, plotless feature-length revision of what many consider "the last great serial

ever made"—the 1949 *King of the Rocket Men*. Good stunt-work but otherwise a confused hodge-podge of mad doctors, deadly weapons and Commando Cody, who zooms around with rocket-pack strapped to his back (impossible, you say? It's been done . . .). Tris Coffin, Mae Clarke, Dan Haggerty.

LOST VOLCANO, THE (75 min.—Mona—1950). Mediocre entry in Bomba series. Evil hunting guides kidnap small boy to lead them to diamond cache in *The Lost Volcano*. Action-packed with plenty of stock shots from *One Million BC*. Johnny Sheffield, Donald Woods, Tammy Iva, Mary Lord, Elena Verduga.

LOST WORLD, THE (98 min.—Fax—1960). Lavish, generally entertaining Irwin Allen remake of superior 1924 *First National* silent classic. Conan Doyle's adventure of land where evolution stood still and long-extinct life looms violent and dangerous. Lots of visual thrills (even the standard iguanas and lizards look pretty good) offset very disappointing "updating" which ends in the middle. Not as effective in smallscreen black-&-white. Claude Rains, Jill St. John, Michael Rennie, David Hedison, Fernando Lamas. CinemaScope, Color.

LOST WORLD OF SINBAD, THE (94 min.—Tahoe/AIP—1965). Original title: *Samurai Pirate*. Swashbuckling is not what Tahoe does best, as evidenced by silly fantasy thriller with classy star Tashira Mifune looking bewildered at the inane dialogue dubbed into his mouth. Heavy-handed actioner. ColorScope.

LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE (67 min.—Fax—1942). Stagey autobiography of Poe concentrates on the women in his life and a few problems in his career, but good for Fax. bio-film of that day. Linda Darnell, Shepperd Strudwick.

LUCK OF THE IRISH (99 min.—Fax—1948). Cecil Kellaway is his usual charming self as an Irish leprechaun who attaches himself to American newspaperman Tyrone Power to keep him out of journalistic mischief. Whimsical, pleasant fantasy. Anne Baxter, Lee J. Cobb.

LURED (102 min.—UA—1947). Also titled *Personal Column*. Excellent cast in fairly amusing mystery thriller with some great moments. Girl acts as bait to trap London mystery killer. Lucille Ball, George Sanders, Boris Karloff, Cedric Hardwicke, Charles Caborn, George Zucco, Alan Napier, Alan Mowbray, Joseph Calleia.

LOST OF THE VAMPIRE (1957). Minar Italian-made shaker. Directed by Riccardo Freda. Gianna Maria Canale, Antonia Balpeta.

CARNAK

PART
II

LAST ISSUE **CARNAK** CAME UPON A STRANGE CRAFT,
WHICH WAS EXCITED BY TWO EVEN STRANGER BEINGS!
ONE A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, FOLLOWED BY A LIZARD-MAN!
CARNAK'S PRIMITIVE LOGIC TOLD HIM TO RESCUE THE GIRL,
HOWEVER HE WAS SHOT FROM BEHIND AND NOW
LIES UNCONSCIOUS...



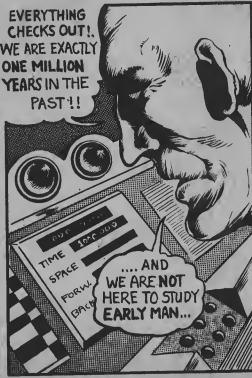
MEANWHILE BACK IN THE CRAFT I...

I DIDN'T THINK WE'D BE ATTACKED
IF I WORE THE LIZARD SUIT!, BUT THAT
WILD MAN SEEMED VERY INTERESTED
IN YOU!

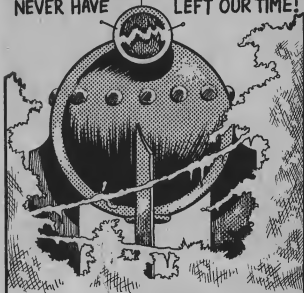
HE DIDN'T SEEM QUITE SO
PRIMITIVE!... MAYBE WE'RE NOT
BACK IN TIME FAR
ENOUGH!



EVERYTHING
CHECKS OUT!!
WE ARE EXACTLY
ONE MILLION
YEARS IN THE
PAST!!

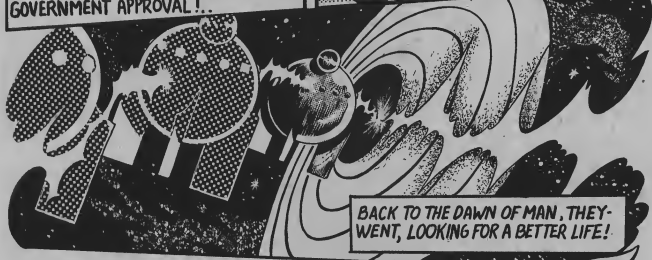


WE MUST NOT FORGET OUR ORIGINAL MISSION!, WHICH IS TO LOCATE THE FIRST EXPEDITION IN TIME! THEY SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT OUR TIME!



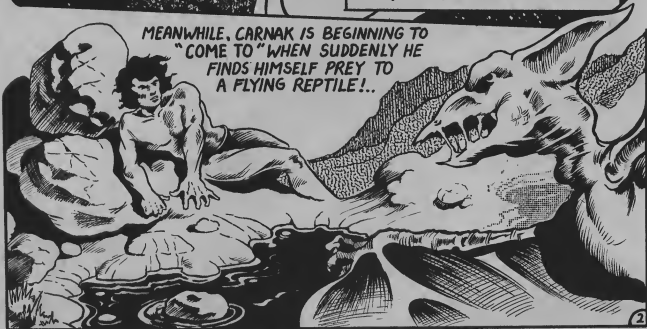
ESPECIALLY SINCE THEY DID NOT HAVE GOVERNMENT APPROVAL!..

IT'S BEEN ALMOST A YEAR NOW SINCE CRAIG AND NANCY LEFT! ITS TAKEN US THIS LONG AFTER STUDYING HIS RECORDS AND PLANS TO CONSTRUCT A SIMILAR MACHINE AND FOLLOW THEM BACK IN TIME



BACK TO THE DAWN OF MAN, THEY WENT, LOOKING FOR A BETTER LIFE!

MEANWHILE, CARNAK IS BEGINNING TO "COME TO" WHEN SUDDENLY HE FINDS HIMSELF PREY TO A FLYING REPTILE!..





REALIZING HIS SITUATION, CARNAK
DESPERATELY CRAWLS TO REACH
THE NEAREST - WEAPON !!

THE BIRD
SWOOPS IN
FOR THE KILL !!!
... FINALLY A -
ROCK COMES WITH-
IN CARNAK'S GRASP!



CARNAK'S UNFAILING AIM WAS TRUE AND THE BIRD FELL TO EARTH STUNNED!.. THEN JUST AS CARNAK WAS ABOUT TO FINISH OFF THE BEAST WITH ANOTHER ROCK, HE HEARS A VOICE SCREAM OUT IN TERROR!...



CARNAK RECOGNIZES THE VOICE!
"IT IS THE GIRL!" HE THINKS AS HE
DASHES ACROSS THE PREHISTORIC
SWAMP!



THE GIRL HE ONCE BEFORE
TRIED TO RESCUE, WAS NOW HOPELESSLY
TRAPPED IN QUICKSAND & MENACED BY A SNAKE



CARNAK QUICKLY TORE OFF A VINE!, THREW IT OUT TO THE GIRL AND AS SOON AS SHE HAD A GRIP, HE PULLED WITH SUCH POWER AND SPEED, THE SNAKE COULD NOT ATTACK!!



IN HER PANIC, SHE HAD NOT REALIZED WHO HER RESCUER WAS!, NOW SHE STUDIED CARNAK'S POWERFUL FRAME... WONDERING WHAT HE WOULD DO NEXT !?...



...SUDDENLY WITHOUT A WORD CARNAK LIFTED HER INTO HIS ARMS AND BEGAN TO CARRY HER...

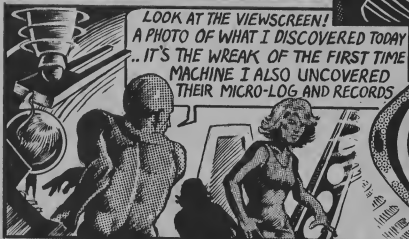


SOMETIME LATER... THE GIRL FOUND THAT CARNAK HAD BROUGHT HER BACK TO THE TIME MACHINE! SHE WAS AMAZED AND GRATEFUL AS SHE WAVED GOODBYE TO HER PREHISTORIC SAVIOUR.

BACK INSIDE THE TIME MACHINE



THE FEMALE TIME TRAVELER REVIEWED ALL THAT HAPPENED TO HER WHILE EXPLORING, AND HOW CARNAK SAVED HER LIFE! STRANGELY ENOUGH THE OLD MAN WASN'T SURPRISED!!



THE OLD MAN RETOLD THE STRANGE FATE WHICH BEFELL THE FIRST EXPEDITION! HOW WHEN CRAIG + NANCY ARRIVED THEIR MACHINE FELL INTO A RAVINE AND EXPLODED! LUCKY THEY ESCAPED BUT WERE FORCED TO LIVE WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST CONVENIENCE IN A HOSTILE WORLD! IT WAS ALSO FOUND THAT NANCY WAS PREGNANT! SHORTLY AFTER GIVING BIRTH, SHE DIED! CRAIG TOO MUST HAVE DIED, OR WORSE !!.....



THE LAST ENTRY INTO THE LOG SAYS NOTHING OF THE CHILD!, IT IS VERY POSSIBLE AND MY THEORY, THAT THE MALE BABY WAS FOUND AND ADOPTED BY A TRIBE OF PRIMITIVES! AND FROM WHAT YOU TOLD ME OF THE ONE YOU SAY CALLS HIMSELF "CARNAK," HE IS THEIR SON !!



..THEN IT'S OUR RESPONSIBILITY
TO TAKE HIM BACK WITH US !..



I THINK NOT!! I'VE ALSO
CHECKED WITH OUR COMPUTERS ON
ANOTHER THEORY OF MINE!, CARNAK NOW
BELONGS TO THE PAST!!.....

..TO TAKE HIM BACK TO THE FUTURE MIGHT PROVE DISASTEROUS!, TO OUR WORLD AND TO CARNAK HIMSELF! FOR I BELIEVE THAT HE IS THE "SPARK", THE MISSING LINK BETWEEN SAVAGE-MAN AND THINKING-MAN! HE MUST REMAIN HERE TO FULFILL HIS DESTINY! THE FUTURE AND THE PAST ARE DIRECTLY LINKED!, WITHOUT FUTURE MAN PAST MAN, QUITE POSSIBLY WOULD NEVER HAVE ADVANCED, WE MUST RETURN NOW!

AND SO CARNAK REMAINS RULER
OF A PREHISTORIC KINGDOM !!



Re: BORIS KARLOFF † R.I.P. †

Writing about the death rather than about the living, active, functioning of this dearly beloved soul is a task I really never wanted to contemplate, much worse even get "professionally" prepared and set up for. Yet, in the past, certain fans, colleagues and pros—well-meaning, perhaps, but obviously more thick-skinned on some subjects—would keep harping away, over and over, to the degree of approaching obscene fanaticism, a *digo-lelo* pronouncement that always sounded like, "Karloff's getting older all the time and is apt to kick off any moment now. Where is that tremendous project (books, specials, etc.) you should be building up on him right now. After all, do you wanna get left behind when your rival, Brand Yecch, has been preparing for years?"

Because of my profound admiration and love for Karloff, I could never think of him in true pro-commercial terms. So, when such "advice" as the sort noted above sounded off, it was usually under tremendous restraint that would prevent me from baring my fangs and reaching for the handiest blunt instrument. (Personal aside: Those who've known me well through the years know that one of my best "personal" hobbies is in the area of imitations—and they can all swear that my best impressions are only of those whom I've greatly loved and respected. Obviously, doing Karloff has been at the top of my list more than 12 years.)

This is the reason for my feeling that this issue, and what it contains as a Tribute to Karloff, is probably more fitting than any contrived articles that all seem to sound, "Gee, but he was a fine actor—and I only wish I knew him better"

Thus, in Memory of Karloff, we went back some twelve years to bring to you an article written at that time by: BORIS KARLOFF.

Now, writing about people who've passed away (but never affected me very deeply one way or another) hasn't been the toughest job in the world for me (though confession regarding the obvious must be made:

My chronic affliction—being unabashedly sentimental about any artist who's been taken away from us, no matter how small may have been the luster of his brilliance). So for the time being—and until, perhaps, the next issue—the sacred obligation of reminiscing and paying homage to Boris Karloff's memory is more than simply "difficult"—the sense, the feeling of loss is immeasurable and undeniably excruciating.

For, Boris Karloff always WAS—for me—the total embodiment, the living symbol, the utter sentient tradition of Filmic Imagination! And, by all that's holy, there just isn't one solitary actor anywhere in our field (even when he lived) who could ever hope to fill his shoes. I mean: Was there more than one Beethoven, Edison, D.W., "Intolerance" Griffith and another Michaelangelo or El Greco? Worthy imitators, perhaps; maybe even some who could try to carry on their traditions. But another such as any of them will never again be. They come and go but once across the tortured face of this benighted sphere, and in so doing cast their images across the land but briefly. Those who were in their presence when they were around can count themselves among the most fortunate. Thus shall it always be with Karloff.

Again: Who is left. What else is there around that can, perish the thought, even be considered a "replacement"? Are there any? Is there even one?

Therein lies the whole answer to the tragedy: Karloff was much better and greater than ANY of them!

A great deal more will be devoted to Karloff in the next issue. And in other future issues. (And why not, considering that CoF's title was selected purely because of him)

While the loss is tragically unbearable, let us close at this point in loving memory of Boris Karloff, and offer thanks for having given so much, so unselfishly (even in the midst of arduous physical pain) to serve us down through the decades. This may seem very small, but it's all that we can now do: To extend our sincerest prayers that God bless and watch over him for all eternity.

THE COMIC BOOK COUNCIL

For the many who've been asking: The Comic Book Council is once again back and will be in full swing in the future.

Meanwhile, we've been covering the whole comics field with a fine tooth comb, and after cleaning all the teeth we put the pieces on the scales, took a very careful reading and: Found the whole balanced industry sadly wanting in the balance; in a deplorable state, in fact.

Basically, of course, the trouble seems to be lack of any competition since there are only 6 comic mag publishers dominating the whole industry; and nearly 75% of the total output is created by only around half of them. During the last comic mag "boom" in the early 1950's there were around 52 publishers active at one time or another! Not only was the competition much healthier and livelier sixteen years ago, there were also 2 to 3 times as many comics sold all over (since sales are now much smaller even though population figures have zoomed from about 170- to the present 220 million or so—the '70 census might reveal even more—indicates a problem of great magnitude). If your guess is that American Free Enterprise is running a risk of being on the way out, you're not alone in your feelings.

Starting below, from the bottom of the barrel—we now commemorate the KICK IN THE PANTS DEPT., a small but vociferous section that will, now and then, do exactly what it sounds it ought to. And for this august mission, we begin with:

Those revolting 35¢ black and white "horror" comics that depend upon loathsome cover "art" for sales—art that seems inspired by one of the smuttiest lows that mag publishing has ever fallen into. Apart from total lack of editorial talent and imagination (the inside are reprints from ancient horror comics of the late Forties-early Fifties), the tone and "spirit" established by such sick, diseased looking cover "art" can ruin what little freedom has been won by ever sincere well-meaning publisher who is even remotely involved with the field of imagination.

Rest assured that we're completely opposed to all forms of censorship (and even if someone wants to publish the loudest, most abominable filth, he shouldn't be prevented, even if we loathe the stuff and won't buy it). But as long as there are "people"—fanatical nose noses—always waiting for a moment to ride roughshod and hurt the publishing industry (with such professional bleeding hearts like Fredric Wertham gloating for the chance to bear down with their axes), no fast-buck merchant should be permitted to flourish without, at least, a resounding thwack on the rump and all the scorn he deserves to receive.

Meanwhile away from the sickening to the moribund.

MARVEL and DC seem to be in a race to find out who can outdo each other for pap and blandness (some time ago, this was solely DC's bag). About at the top of the junk pile is "DC's SPECIAL 13 SHOCK ENDING STORIES"—not only were the "endings" strictly from Grand Aunt Minnie's cup of weak tea but part of the title was misspelled:

We think it should have been "Schlock" instead of "Shock."

25¢ for this was really coin down the hole, since everything consisted of reprints from early DC's, with the only "new" entries being the tiny story intro's, bridges and endings to draw in the unsuspecting.

"HOUSE OF SECRETS" (no.81) had potentiality, but the layouts are drab and "action" is scaled down to the present quasi retardate average permeating portions of the field.

Among the few sporadically "promising" things that manage to quality DC among the living are "ENEMY ACT," "ANTHRO," "ANG-EL & THE APE" and "BAT LASH" (not forgetting "HAWK & DOVE")—and even these rotate from depression to depression.

One of the best things in a long time to happen to DC, or to any comics group for that matter, is Berni Wrightson; his work has often been sole reason for even wanting to sneak a peek at a DC title on the stands—and he's in the main responsible for actually saving DC's typically dull line of "spook" comics pabulum from the garbage can.

In particular, mention must be stressed about DC's "Preview Show-case NIGHTMASTER." Though filled with flaws, obviously rushed in appearance, it's almost wholly Wrightson's bag, and one of the few whiffs of fresh air to arrive into comicdom in too long a time.

With MARVEL, ups and downs have been more than predictable over two years now. Where one title ("DAREDEVIL" for example) is found to slip deep into the doldrums for many issues, suddenly one sees it "mysteriously" picking up in quality again. Mysterious, though? Hardly—for this is known as "rotating the crops" in big chain mag circles:

One title picks up a bit, another title goes down for a while, or: "Don't look now, but the shop is a little short of talent (and don't bother us with talk about spending more money and talent hunts)."

Meanwhile, endless rounds of karate, acrobatics and trampolines maneuvers involving costumed characters is beginning to turn from a drug on the market into something approaching senescent disease. In former years, Marvel built up a reputation for effort expended to develop plot quality with all sorts of subtleties, big and little involvements, asides, little psychological studies—and all this seems to have critically eroded

almost to the vanishing point.

More ground will be covered next issue, provided that unendurable boredom doesn't set off a lasting trauma by that time.

UNDERGROUND COMIX

For the moment, almost no hope exists within conventional comic mag establishments for anything truly outstanding and pioneering. Last year's "CALL HIM SAVAGE," created and published by Gil Kane, was unique, adult and "daring," to say the least (the prissy and squeamish notwithstanding, let the chips fall where they may). But it died without a hope or a prayer. And nearly a year before, C.C. Beck's old magic with Otto Binder unique style didn't help "FATMAN" from folding, even though both men beat the pants off "SUPERMAN" in the old days with their "CAPT. MARVEL."

Consequently, almost no doubt exists that the main hope for fresh, innovative ideas and developments in illustrated graphics could very well rest in the Underground newspaper movement (which, collectively, reaches 2 to 3 million readers monthly). Undeniably, much of the Underground's stuff is turned out by untrained rank amateurs who seem to have recently emerged from elementary school ... but most of them are training and growing all the time (and this is something that hardly anyone in the commercial comics field has a chance of doing due to numerous pressures and frustrations). Some, like R. Crumb and Vaughn Bode (originally rejected by one corporate structure after another) have gone on to national recognition and some financial reward within only two years!

The big drawback is that underground comix are restricted mostly to a handful of papers, present focal point of them all being EAST VILLAGE OTHER (15¢, weekly) and a monthly companion that consists entirely of comic with the amazing title of GOTHIC BLIMP WORKS (35¢). Both are available from the offices of East Village Other, 105 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003. Content matter usually ranges all the way from the outrageously risqué to the puzzling abstract; and especially since OTHER has recently done a welcome about-face editorially, both publications are about as intriguing as a traveling circus.

Newly arrived on the scene is CHANGES, combining many of the qualities found in CRAWDADDY, ROLLING STONES and other underground elements, and considerably more literate than many. Also, it's an action arena for some of our own Frank Brunner's excellent graphics.

RAMBLINGS

The death of Boris Karloff not only had an unbearably depressing effect upon us but also did put us into a blue funk which still seems to have a far-reaching effect even after more than four months since his passing. On top of this all, several pressing critical problems of our own cropped up at once quite unexpectedly. Consequently, our deepest apologies for the absence of several scheduled articles and regular departments. Please bear with us. Things ought to be, however, back to normal next issue with a bang!

While in the past we've desired more than anything to publish CoF more frequently, it appears that never more necessary nor opportune was the moment than now. The need for a magazine that can truly be a voice, a "spokesman," for the World of Imagination was never more critically apparent. And we've always done our level best to live up to such a job. That is why the continuing support of CoF and its advertising can and will make this possible. But—support must NOT slacken; and whenever you can, you MUST always try to be in a vigilant position to seek out and make new converts, to "evangelize"—and, especially, to raise your voices high to the rafters, if necessary, when local jobbers, dealers, stores, etc. don't seem to carry CoF or, nearly as bad, seem to be obnoxiously undersupplied. For an example of what "undersupplying" is like: Several "problem" stores, which were hideously undersupplied by the local jobber, were put to a special sales test by us (a test that would prove to us conclusively whether CoF really had any sales money and potential or, maybe, we were actually hallucinating all the time and overimagination about our pride-and-joy). The results proved the following: Whereas each dealer got the typically paltry amounts of 6 to 8 copies of CoF by the local jobber, each dealer received (in each test sale) between 50 to 60 additional copies from us.... and completely sold out in less than 25 days!

Now the main trouble is that it is humanly impossible for us to do this beyond "testing" out several local stores, when you start taking into account that there are some 4 thousand to 5 thousand stores in the entire country with such potential (not even counting 30 or 40 thousand smaller sales outlets). But—doing your thing, hootin' and hollerin around your area will eventually, inevitably put enough pressure on the local dealers to raise their allotted orders significantly Which is the stuff magazine sales and greater frequency of appearance are made of.

LEONARD NIMOY



Re: STAR TREK

Discount a lot of the stories you've been hearing about STAR TREK, since reports of its demise have not only been premature but rather exaggerated. Yes, all the king's horses and all the king's men can etc. etc.

Fact is that during its rerun period at an earlier, sner hour (7:30 pm E.D.T., Tues.), and yanked out of its previous unspeakable but murderous Friday 10 pm spot, TREK's been cloberling all opposition on other channels (a task not too difficult if a producer is past the 2-headed idiot stage so far as most of TV standard's stand). That there seems to have been a "vendetta" of sorts behind NBC's attempt to rid the world of TREK seems almost certain (all sorts of stories have been floating, along with assorted rumors, most of them pretty ugly—which would take another page or two just to outline). Be it as it may, at least one of the "other" networks is chomping at the bit to buy into ST, while one other is also "interested," with even a 3rd "party" salivating e'er so often. Why not, if we still exist surrounded by profit-making corporate structures? Even insane as some TV practices seem to be, there are still some in the industry with enough hold of their faculties to know when not to look a good money making gift horse down the mouth.

So, all of you out there in radio land—keep all five or six of your usual eyes peeled around this coming January when the "New 2d Season" starts. Unless TV bigwigs are more off their gourd than normal, we're all awaiting to be pleasantly not-so-surprised!

— Calvin T. Beck —



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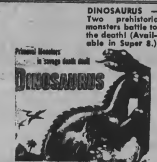
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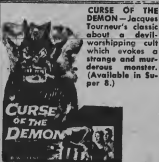


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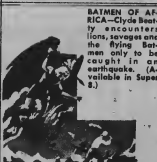


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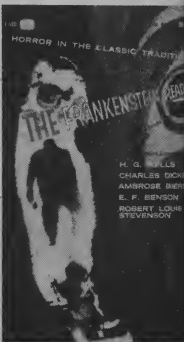
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